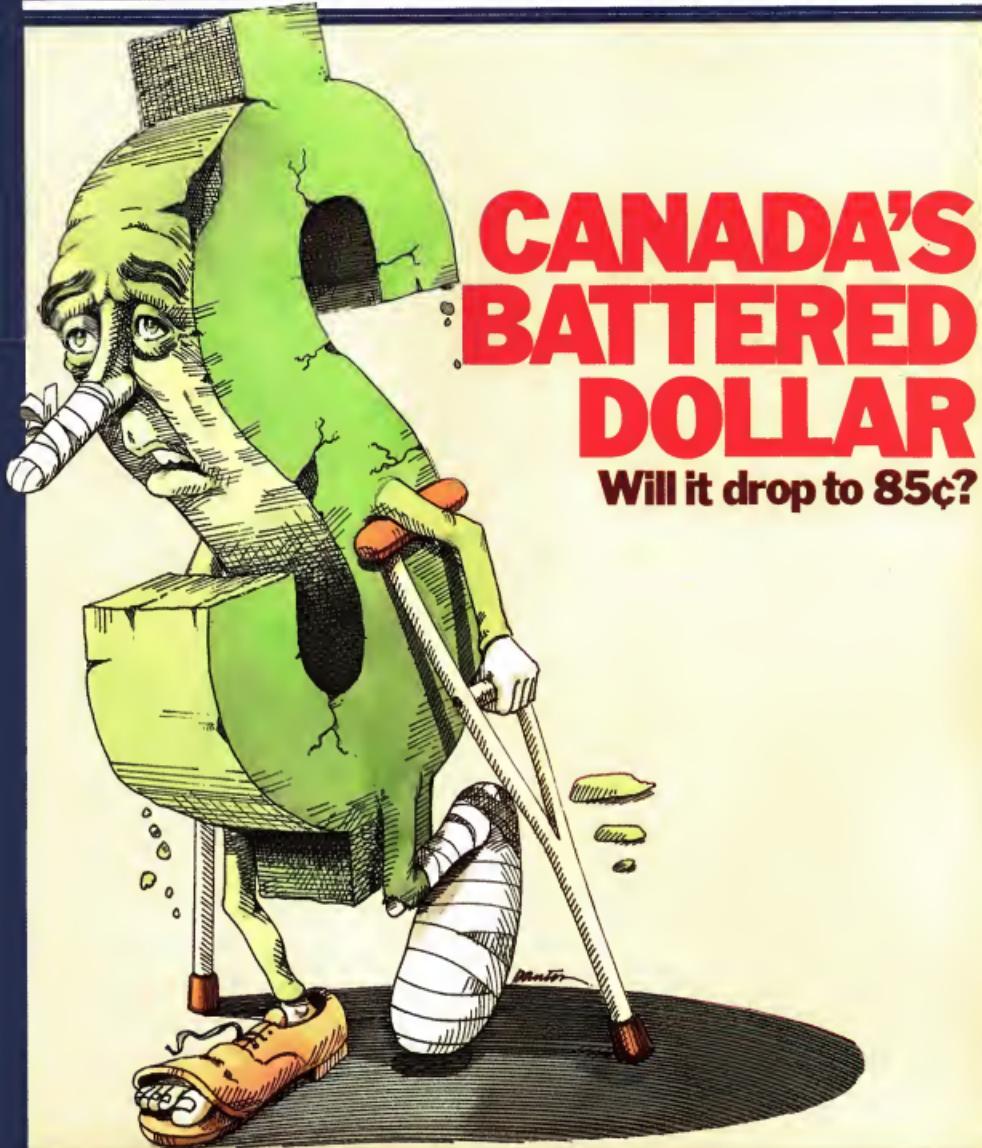


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# **Maclean's**

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**Interview with Circuit Justice (Banc)**  
**Question:** Four years ago, when Lasker was named Chief Justice, conservatives argued where would this supposed "radical liberal" take Canadian jurisprudence? But the court never did much, and Lasker's own words explain the lack of change.

Page



**Winning By Default** The health-care deal in neck Joe Clark won the Tory leadership and if he's still in Who today he may be Prime Minister Joe Who tomorrow And Clark is even purgatorial. Typically as "bad the one next." See "The Best of the Bad."

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**P**ERHAPS a Shakespearian The Merchant had wanted Robert Redford for the part, but since he couldn't get him, he settled for Donald Sutherland as his Caesar. And as usual Sutherland came through handsomely—showing again why he's every director's dream choice.

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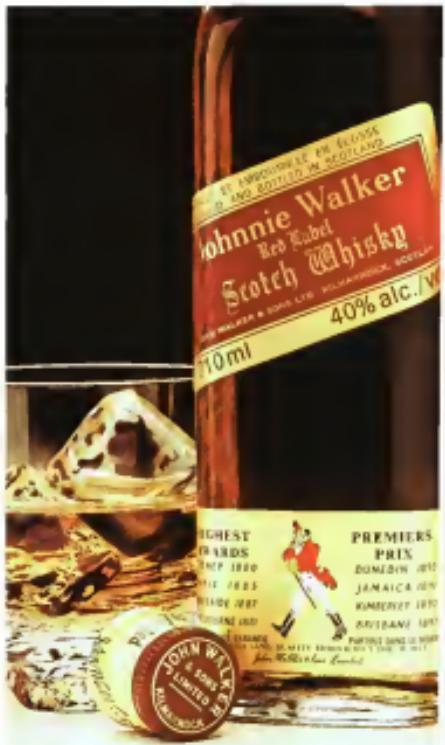
**The better newsmagazines** In the age of prepackaged readers' orientation, it isn't surprising that international publications are among the fastest American growth industries. And at the top is *Wall Street Journal Europe*, which with a take-in of 1976 of more than \$225 million.

Page



**He'll never be great again.** From the first day he stepped on the set as a Boston Bruin, Babbitt has demonstrated precision and poise. But now as we watch him in a Labourer, that's over now, the knee having ruined the ball he's batted, and even of the one home run, which Robert Millar, he shouldn't have, says it was his best.

Page 4



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# Interview

With Bora Laskin, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Canada

Late in 1973 Prime Minister Trudeau convened a short-lived hearing by appointing Bora Laskin, a junior member of the Supreme Court of Canada, as its Chief Justice. The Justices deserved three things precedent said they also should have gone to Mr. Justice Ronald Marshall of Alberta instead: by seniority, Laskin was reported to be a liberal; perhaps even a radical; and mythologized for the most part inconclusively on his years as a labor arbitrator. "In five years on the Ontario Court of Appeal and three years on the Supreme Court" Laskin was perceived to be a man who would lean toward the federal government (he is a staunch federalist) in any and all inter-provincial disputes. There were also some indications at the time that Laskin, a former member of the U.S. Supreme Court, would somehow attempt to enshrine in the Canadian Supreme Court making law rather than interpreting it. There was talk of a "Laskin Court." Those years have passed, and the fears have so far proved to be unfounded. While there have been some significant changes in the court (the types of cases it hears, for example, have been narrowed); and some high profile decisions made (with Laskin often in dissent) the court carries on as usual.



WE ARE NOW SELECTING MORE CASES THAT DEAL WITH IMPORTANT SOCIAL QUESTIONS

Laskin says the same now: we no longer let a majority of the court as of old decide what the provinces or the Indian people do not affect the Canadian Bill of Rights.

**Maclean's:** Why did Laskin now attack a lot of people in being equally democratic?

**Laskin:** That is true and it struck me the same way. Every dissident judge felt that there was a point of view that had to be heard that commanded the support of a majority of the court, not just the chief justice. It doesn't mean that the chief justice is not entitled to a majority of ways and decisions. On his side the decision is carefully considered. Again it was an illustration of the complexity of states of case division of opinion that may result in five to four decisions.

**Maclean's:** Since Drybones hasn't shown

any federal legislation if it's offend the Canadian Bill of Rights. Now that may be unusual, but in the Drybones case a majority of the Supreme Court concluded that the particular federal legislation in question is thus one offended a provision of the Canadian Bill of Rights and therefore the Canadian Bill of Rights should prevail and that particular federal provision becomes inoperative. Now in the

newer cases from protection of the rights of individuals?

**Laskin:** That could be so, and I only say this because as a member of a committee that time I—and others with me—have taken a position that would have promoted the underlying philosophy as Drybones. Other members of the court, with equal conviction about their policy choice given the terms they set in the words of the Canadian Bill of Rights, felt that that particular legislation didn't require them to declare federal legislation inoperative. Obviously you can't have a general principle that will dictate every case.

**Maclean's:** Some people argue that judges should not interpret the Bill of Rights alone. When we come to face cases involving under the Canadian Bill of Rights we also face the fact that the words of the Canadian Bill of Rights are very, very wide and very, very general. So within the scope of the language of the Bill of Rights there is a range of possible approaches. Now there isn't any question that it leaves all courts a considerable leeway of choice as to where they're going to go. The kinds of cases that come to us are interesting cases in which there is bound to be a difference of opinion on very intricate questions. And the wonder of it is in the members of the public would care to look at statistics, it is often the court arrives at a unanimous decision.

**Maclean's:** You say that the Bill of Rights does not sufficiently answer an other judicial function. But isn't there a basic difference between Bill of Rights cases and, for example, redress cases—the question is, *is it fair, is it what the law?*

**Laskin:** I agree. Obviously the Bill of Rights raises public issues and therefore issues that are more likely to capture public attention. But from the viewpoint of the exercise of the court's judicial function while we recognize the difference in the character of the problem, an adjudicative approach can't be really any different than it would be in the vast majority of other kinds of cases.

**Maclean's:** As more and more, such as the oil sands, family law or environmental issues, the Supreme Court of Canada seems to have been in a minority.

**Laskin:** We are not likely to bring a case to the Supreme Court of Canada unless it is either (a) an important issue and (b) an issue in which the decision is likely to be a difficult one. And it's not to be wondered at that judges at the Supreme Court of Canada level file on the project result to be reached in a particular case. The com-



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themselves are of the kind that make that probable. We are such individuals with strong opinions about a great many matters and the law itself, especially at our level, in something that we can mold. The cases, when they throw up difficult issues, are usually decided on different sides of the fence.

**Moskow:** I feel it's fair, though, my that an majority of cases the court that tends to be conservative?

**Leskinen:** That depends on how you define conservative.

**Moskow:** There was a period, for example, in the 1970s when the court was known as activist. That's the sense of my question.

**Leskinen:** We had a run of cases in the court in the 1970s which for the first time raised a number of issues that had not previously come before the court. Entrepreneurial cases, there were divisions of opinion. There were strong judgments written on both sides of an issue. The same was true in some of the constitutional cases that came up in the 1970s. It was an active period. I suppose the most significant cases of considerable social importance were coming before the Supreme Court. In the Sixties and the Seventies those questions have been quite commonplace. To a large extent, the court has continued to be a tribunal that decides purely private disputes, the substance of the particular litigants. When international questions are raised in private litigation there is a rule of the court that justice has to be given to the Attorney General of Canada and the Attorney General of each province, and those attorneys general may intervene in the litigation. When they do intervene the composition of the case has changed. You now have a government intervenor in the case, if the issue permits her involvement. The same thing again in questions under the Canadian Bill of Rights. The courts are coming before us in greater numbers than before because we are silencing the cases more rapidly. They are now, in most pronounced way, important social questions and no evident to the public.

**Moskow:** The ones that have a high degree of identification are the ones in which the court seems to have been conservative.

**Leskinen:** Well there have been differences of opinion, no question about that. That will continue to happen. The nature of the judicial process and the fact that each member of the court is free to express his own individual opinion is going to lead to divided opinions on contemporary social questions.

**Moskow:** When you were appointed Chief Justice people talked about the "Laskin Court," or what the "Laskin Court" would be like.

**Leskinen:** That's just borrowing from the United States. I don't think that anyone can talk about the court in any other Chief Justice can so lead his colleagues on the court as to give a particular moniker to them.

**Moskow:** You obviously feel that a healthy thing. Why?

**Leskinen:** If you give a name to the court it almost suggests that you're leader of some sort of a caucus group or as if you're able to command the support of a sufficient number of judges that go with you in all manner that you simply say, "This is a Laskin Court." I don't believe. It's a court and the name of chairman of the Senate. You will find that the term of support for the one rule or another as a divided court shifts considerably.



## WE CAN'T MAKE GREAT LEAPS FORWARD ON EVERY CASE THAT COMES BEFORE US

**Moskow:** Do you think the public is too fond of the role of the court house of the U.S. experience?

**Leskinen:** I don't have any doubt about that. Our newspapers I suspect say every major news about the American Supreme Court and about the American legal decisions than they do about our own. Various decisions that is in action on the future of our country to us, court coverage, people who are able to explain our decisions with the maximum clarity.

**Moskow:** Is one of the owners of the public perception of the law by the concept of the unpredictable and variable jury verdict.

**Leskinen:** Newspaper report of the jury verdict in the *Morgentaler case*, is opposite or many people that great strength of the jury is glorified only so long as it's not wrong, and that as soon as the jury did what everyone else has nothing about for centuries they were immediately put down.

**Laskin:** You're talking about the use of the jury in criminal cases essentially. Most of our criminal litigation is handled without a jury. In those cases where there is a jury, jury verdicts are normally reversed and not because the verdicts itself [you] are known what considerations have entered into the determination of the jury but because of an alleged error in the way that the trial is presented in the Criminal Code for retarding against the jury verdict that it persists, but that is not something that arises very frequently. So what we are concerned with is most of these cases the jury having allegedly been misinformed by the trial judge in changing the jury. What was a question about the Morgentaler case was that in arriving inside the jury's verdict, the [Court] appellate court reinstated a conviction instead of sending the case back for a new trial. We have had cases where a conviction has been set aside on appeal and an appeal has been entered by an appellate court. That has not been the history of serious convictions. I suppose on the principle that a criminal defendant has a right to receive the benefit of the doubt and acting upon the presumption of innocence which is no residual in our criminal law. The other situation, of course, is the situation of mass hangings. It happened for the first time and in view of the several arrests that have been introduced [by the federal government] it will not happen again.

**Moskow:** Despite the growing independence of the court, and more recently the decline of the automatic right to appeal, is there nonetheless in the Canadian tradition a kind of legacy of residual legal hangovers from the days before 1949 when appeals were to the Royal Courts of Justice?

**Leskinen:** I think that there is still a lag related to the kind of questions that are put before the court for adjudication. The difference between the legislature and the courts is that the legislature takes a similar approach to social problems and the court takes a more legalistic approach. We submit an appeal. This is because we deal with the law in a case-by-case situation. There comes a time in that evolution when if you look back at what was done 25 years ago you see a startling change. Over the intervening 25-year period you don't show a slow and conscious movement to deviate which is quite different from the one with which we begin.

**Moskow:** Should there be more activism?

**Leskinen:** This is a constitutional judgment and it's a question of what is the appropriate function for the constitutional court. We're part of a long tradition. We understand we hope, the difference between adjudication and legislation. We know that there's an element of legislation in adjudication but in the same time, we know that we cannot make great leaps forward with every case that comes before us. In the first place we have a responsibility to society, to litigants,

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there something else that can be done? In a situation where there is no clear answer, it would be better to leave the decision to the legislature rather than to the courts.

for the whole country, second, the  
Local Public Board that we exercise  
discretionary of mercy that we can  
not the legislature what to do and what  
to do and make governments and  
governments. There are some people who

**ANSWER:** What some parts of the letters

Well, typically "You could get someone to judge you a winner" or "You could make a judge judge your winner," or can protect against the fraud claim by pointing on to his sentence. There is a very clear appreciation of the fact we are an appellate court; that name is more before us, than references to the government defense, unless the review has been initiated at the lower court and come up to us in the ordinary course of appellate proceedings.

The question is, of course, what

What do we have for examining patient rights? We can deal with individual complaints, but social problems that may arise in a great many people and are not easily put into justiciable form to make a case between A and B, are not problems to which the court can play a role. Even if some legislation there may be no role for court. This is a role where legislatively affected persons, some party group and we may be forced interpreting the legislation. But it's not certain that we can fill a vacuum merely because parliament has felt it has decided on a particular area.

**Lesson 6:** Is granting waivers like the one you consistently trying to expose or close down your system?

I'm very much concerned about the education of English as a living language in schools and universities. I think it's very important to have a culture that is also fully literate and socialized in my mother tongue—some appreciation of our cultural tradition. There isn't a single nation or government out there that does not try to find an authority and an ensign in legal systems. It's just as important that people have some appreciation of law, they should of English if it's their language, and they should be able to understand it. The difference will be if you speak differently at that time when there are some issues with whom someone might be called spec for law.

What's the name?

**ANY SUGGESTION THAT WE OPERATE WITH A PRO-FEDERAL BIAS IS SIMPLY UNWORTHY.**

4) *What is the difference between the two types of energy?*

**Speaker 3:** It's a somewhat curious ability to decide on such a fact as a presidential election, which is something that could be tested [laughing].  
**Chair:** Well, I know it's a somewhat curious ability.  
**Speaker 3:** All I know is that we operate under certain statutes governing our jurisdiction and we operate under a Constitution we are bound to interpret and apply. Any questions? But go beyond that are not any questions for the court, they are questions for the political authorities.

federal legislation. We are in certain areas where we have to adjust our legislative power and we do so at my suggestion that we do so with pro-federal law and only because our interests come from the federal government.

**Moscovici:** Is it the same that the law forces you to exercise legal discretion, that is not always as transparent from the way people live? The former hearing participant says "You never know what a regulation will bring about."

**Moscovici:** The system?

**Lambla:** Objectives for law. I just don't see how we can have any sense of social stability without some concern for the legal order and respect for what those who administer it are doing. We have all sorts of

**Leslie:** This gets back to how the public views the political process. If you want to change my acceptance of what it is that we are expected to do, we would be required to bring in a general audience increase in this country for social protest. The notion that you are entitled to destroy the law because you don't like it is simply a straight recipe for anarchy. Nobody's going to play, certainly not democracy.

# Being a 'public enemy' might be funny - if it weren't so damned contemptuous

Column by Martin Loney

To be accused of being the head of a revolutionary organization is a serious charge in itself. But for Jean-Pierre Goyer to say on a letter to his colleagues that one of the aims of the organization I allegedly was to organize and infiltrate the civil service is a downright abomination. One might as well try to organize a terrorist.

Goyer's letter was written in 1973 when he was selector general referred to the existence of a group of people organized around the concept of "extra-parliamentary opposition" in a case caused by taking up residence in the United States in the 1960s to demonstrate their activities in opposition to the war in Vietnam. The group is alleged to have sought to "organize and subvert the associations of society and mold them into a revolutionaries force." According to Goyer, the group also aimed to radicalize "sympathetic civil servants, gathering their support to long-term political program of socialist revolution." In the standard version of the letter made public in the House of Commons last month, it was referred to as "alleged" by the Canadian Union of Students and described as the leader for a time of the extra-parliamentary group.

It is to this same debate took place in the House about the idea of an extra-parliamentary opposition. The discovery of this debate, which no doubt cost the taxpayers several thousand dollars, could have been made by anyone who read the *Journal of the Commons*, a new publication that dated back to the bomb days. The fact that the journal was not sold at a number of bookstores might cast some doubt on the congressional nature of the proceedings. Eventually the left-wing intellectuals who participated in the debate were asked the personal question: how do we best organize for social change? As usual, the conclusion was a non-answer, though I did not recall anyone suggesting that one ought to suggest otherwise in the first place.

Myself, I had been an article by Howard Backlader (then head of the Praes Corp., a research organization dealing primarily with problems of poverty), a professor at York University in Toronto, which appeared in 1970, discussing the idea of counterrevolution. Looked at the light of the experience of the American war on poverty, Backlader said, perhaps it was hardly the harbinger of revolution. In all modesty I should honest about my own role: I contributed nothing to the debate and have scarcely anyone involved in it—hardly the characteristics of leadership.

What is remarkable about Goyer's letter

is that a leading federal politician could imagine moments to be true. The position of the security service is not to be demanded. Certainly, one might enquire then for what trying to stir up Canadians there was not much to do in English Canada in 1973 and if you want to meet with other clients on the public treasury you have to be seen to be doing something. More seriously, it is worth remembering that much press coverage has been given to the potential threat to our safety and to the lives of our members by the recent raid on the fire station. It was inappropriate, he was told, that somebody in the department considered departing should be employed there. The director was brief and on the point. The government had asked him to hire a student. He had hired the former president of the student association and that was that. At the end of the summer, I went to work for the entrepreneurship branch of the Secretary of State's department. After a few weeks in separation from the department I told me that the security service was enquiring about me. My supervisor, Michael McCabe, confirmed that I had no future with Customs, my work was satisfactory. He said but I was nervous. "People here are going to be afraid of me," he added. I was informed that the security service had not been involved. On January 20 this year, six years after the fire, McCabe told Tim Flanagan that he had received a letter to terminate my employment directly from the then deputy minister, Jules Legge.

How much effort the security service had put on other employment possibilities is impossible to know. Lionel Grikow, then assistant deputy minister in the Manitoba Department of Youth and Education, found me a position in September 1977 because of my expertise enough "to make a valuable contribution to our ministry." I am simply that ridiculous and unimportant to the well-heeled—or is it a part of a larger picture? For my part I am fond of having my photo copied and my car stopped by policemen who know my name even before they set my license.

To say as Prime Minister Trudeau has that Goyer's letter is understandable in the wake of the fire is to ignore that much of this harassment by the security forces went on before the crisis. And to argue as he has that it is unacceptable for the Prime Minister to ask how the security service gathers and uses data is to reveal a basic ignorance for human rights.

Martin Loney is a member of the faculty at the University of Western Ontario. He is a former editor of *Commons* and a former member of the Ontario legislature.



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# Letters

## All hail—then all flail—the conquering hero

It is fascinating to watch the process of the self-fulfilling prophecy. In one issue of Maclean's (January 18), Avrille Tomson begins a story on Justice Thomas Berger by describing a tax-grobbing incident at OH Tax Court. The judge is recognized by a tax collector and after some conversation is warned: "Canada only buys from their talk houses." In the next issue, in a review by Barbara Amiel (Books, January 24) along comes the other shoe. Berger, also has "impeccable credentials," but did you know that before he was appointed to the Bench he was one of the country's leading tax lawyers, lecturing and writing and carrying around his copy of "Guide to Canadian Taxation" folks have been the ones.

Avril's sources described my book *The Fair and Honest Land* (with the companion volume *Wings of the Berger Inquiry*). I make no apology for it because the community hearings were while made its inquiry refreshingly direct and unique, a quantum leap from the pup turned up by other inquiries into big business and big institutions, the plight of women, poverty—and racism. She even brings up that red herring of "softness." Canadians daring to write about the "truth." When will we ever engrave this? Canada is the only country in the world with this curious reverse nobility, so far as is seen. Marion Denner has long had the public on her side, yet she is still not a Senator or the living *lady* of the Berger Inquiry accomplishment, one thing, let us hope that it continues on that Canada is a northern anomaly and that (sorry, Barbara Amiel) we all are southerners.

MARTIN O'NEILL TORONTO

Judith Ensslin's *Berger Of The North* was one of the best pieces of reporting on northern development that I have ever read. Judge Berger has set a new standard for the holding of public inquiries in Canada. He has been fair, impartial, open and remarkably patient. But, in Tomson so ably shows the judge is only one man and he is in an impossible position to settle people's scores to others' detriment.

In the North, we do not wrangle with problems of personality alone. We wrangle with principles and the basis of an incredibly harsh land. The Berger Inquiry has shown the problems well, but now right here in Ontario, we have to decide what the hell to do about it. We have to decide between the old ways and modern technology, between development and conservation. This split reflects two different ways of looking at the world, and the seventh of the former must be a synthesis that cuts down the human cost of development.

JIM LOUE HALIFAX

### All the Hughes that's fit to print!

In your Newsmakers OF 1977 issue (January 10) you cited Justice Phelan's book, *Moving Higher: The Whalen Years*, as being published by McGraw-Hill-Ryerson. Not so. That part has been published by Random House of Canada Limited.  
 JOHN MEEHL RANDOM HOUSE  
 MONTREAL, QUEBEC  
 MONTREAL, CANADA

### Hell hath no Harry, who . . .

I find that your presentation of your interview with me (January 24) is a perfect example of the media's sexist cheapening of important women's issues. Although my

work has been heralded in most major forums as a very important breakthrough in the study of women's sexuality, comparable to the breakthroughs by Kinsley and Masters and Johnson, you in your introduction label it "pornography." You then go on to state: "The author contends that women, generally speaking, get much more sexual satisfaction from masturbation than from intercourse." This is strikingly not what I have said, as a reading of my book or any of the accompanying press material would have told you. That, even more sloppily, you go on to refer back to me as "she" when you are referring to her later in the article. I carefully explain that I am a she, not a woman.

The most blatant form of an amalgamation of my work, and of an amalgamation of your part, is to have ended the interview so that it started with the question, "Let's talk about your background. You were once a model, weren't you?" This was not the beginning of the interview and it implies a certain sexism bias on your part to have put it first. It implies that you can see me basically only in terms of my body.

I am deeply offended—but for myself and for all women.

HIGH HILL, NEW YORK

For years I have been reading your articles and I was proud of Maclean's. Last week I picked up your magazine on the shelf in the hall and just turned over a page or two. I was shocked to read about a woman (Interview, January 24) who must be over 60, her mind—slates music. Your fine magazine has gone pornographic. Shame on you.

MARY L. CAMERON NEWMEYER DAYTONA BEACH, FLORIDA

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**A small step (backward) for womenkind**  
Goddard. I had moved your stories left without the last line, but I feel obliged to add: "Don't Stone Me" (December 18).  
Women and men. His sentence that a step forward. Does her job go by decreasing her sex life in public?  
And she gets a beat under from staff like that?

ROBIN HANLEY VANCOUVER

#### An unhappy reader writes...

Your January 24 story did damage to maintaining your stand objective of becoming "Canada's Newsmagazine." First you have three pages of hard set material in *Playboy*. Then two pages of cut-ups by irresponsible journalists that are little short of disgusting. If Walter Stossel has to use such sick vocabulary as "whorehouse" while he goes to an anti-pornography exhibition, it only appears that the new Carter cabinet is finally destroying any vestige of modesty or respect with our neighbours. To top it all, you print a page of an interview with Ted Stevens and vector of the cbs. 10 days after his repudiation and withdrawal from this appointment.

DR. MORLEY R. ELLIOTT VICTORIA

#### Not what he said, not what he does

Unfortunately, year in year out, my name is in a question concerning earthquake risk in the Sea of Cortez item in the story *The Earth Is Unkind* (January 10). The note was taken out of context and in effect a statement he knew was famous.

This is always particularly irregrettable if a view of the debate on either of the subject matter and also because I had informed the reporter that I was not a seismologist and so did not wish to be quoted.

H. C. BAILLIE  
ASSOCIATE PROFESSOR OF GEOLOGY  
UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO  
TORONTO

#### The Return of Frankenstein

The subject of genetic research has always raised the spectre of bringing about monsters, with dedicated but slightly hairy and wings. Biomedical scientists, shuffling around their laboratories, mutating to themselves and their bugs—members of the same microbial class. As a reminder to people (obliged) to remember never consider the dangers to ourselves. Many of these great figures are well known to us: Ben Katch, Fred Radtke, Peter Lutz.

I have not yet succumbed to the hysteria that usually attends this issue. However, I do give my pass to read *The Big Book Left Alone* (December 27) that Dr. Mark Pristis, with his family, silently dole out arguments against what he obviously regards as a serious public issue of the environmentalists. This research (seriously) he is quoted as saying "you tell them that Harvard is building a \$500,000 factory to do research that isn't any more dangerous than keeping a pet

cat people don't believe you." Did he really make that balanced comparison? Hopefully, he's quite right and we're well off him!

HELEN M. ESSENBACH BRADFORD

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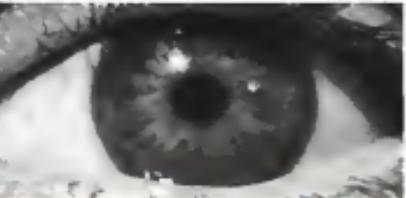
CHRISTINE DOLGHOVY VANCOURVER

Strong language, mighty strong language

*Once More Unto The Breach* (January 28) quotes an unnamed aide of Premier W. Stephen Davis saying that "the Premier is thoroughly disgusted with the way the Liberal Leader [David Smith] attacks programs in aid [brought in at the federal and provincial levels], while simultaneously calling on Ontarians to show 'unanimity' to keep the country together." This is a ridiculous a distortion of facts as I have read in a long time. It implies that

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Such although fluently bilingual himself, appears bilingualism par in Utter's view. What Smith does oppose is the application of the federal bilingualism program to additional sectors instead of to education. In the case of Ontario he attacks the provincial government for failing to prevent French from being a meaningful way for francophone Ontarians.

NEAL DUFF ASSISTANT COMMENTATOR, TORONTO LIBERAL PARTY

Yah, what's that? It's easy for her to say I think it's just too bad news of Barbara Amiel missed to her with precious intel-

lect, flawless beauty and exquisite tastes, to take a shot at "the honey, home-faced Queen of royalty" (Books January 10). Yet Sir Max Aitken is grateful for those of us who prefer to cultivate comparisons for traits less laudatory than we. After all, "There but for the grace of God go I."

LESLIE LYNCHFIELD ONE

**There seems to be a bit of a discrepancy**  
Terry Connolly (Toronto's January 10) was a joke. Your reporter suggested that many Manitobans consider former Progressive Conservative Leader Stirling Lyon what beggars! In the last 14 years the membership in the PC party of Manitoba

has risen from 9,000 to 27,000 and is still climbing. Such would not be the case if Lyon was duplicitous and distrusted as your reporter suggests. They went on to state that Premier Schreyer is "still popular among farmers." Since when? In the last two elections the PC party has won more seats than the NDP or the Liberals combined. Lyon himself was a rural man in a by-election last year by an overwhelming majority. Schreyer and his party have never captured an appreciable chunk of the farm vote at any time.

J. EAGLE WERNERICO

**It's been so remedied it won't be PC force**

In Salvador Guillén's (Perspective, December 27) it is stated that the Pacific Life Community helps people to learn how "to scuffle with the police." In addition an unnamed "PC convert" is quoted by way of a conclusion, to the effect that "force will be resisted."

Hiring had some extensive contact with the Pacific Life Community, and I am afraid that most of our readers will quickly understand this language. This is a central part of their beliefs, a commitment to which they have adhered in the face of extreme persecution.

IRVING AND PAUL MARSHALL VANCOUVER

#### **Shrug and shrug again**

I was utterly flabbergasted to read your interview with our Prime Minister (January 10), wherein he states matter of factly that "we have to put an end to rising expectations," and further, "to put an end to our love for our parents or old people in society, even our desire to give more free education and medical research." What the hell is happening to Canada when our leader tells us not to strive, not to desire, not to expect? When a people's hopes and dreams are dashed, when their health and happiness are threatened and heralded with little life in common, at it hoping, it is knowledge!

IRVING JEROME FRANCIS EDMONTON, AB

#### **How? How dare Israel talk of honor!**

You speak of dishonor in France in the Thread Affair (January 24). North Americans and Europeans may display an extraordinary hypocrisy and double standard in international ethics. No mention is made of the fact that Daniel was in Paris to attend the funeral of the Palestinian Muhammad Suleiman, mentioned by Israel's agents while bringing down the diameter of its bombs on Lebanon. Why were they disgraced that Israel's chief assassin orders to swap the Israeli fighter pilot and his last gasps (Golds Mear and her cohort) who prior to the orders to shoot down in cold blood the Libyan airliner (February, 1973) killing 108 passengers including an entire French crew? Is it dishonorable for France to support, if such support exists, the cause of the Palestinians attempting to regain part of their own homeland from which they were evicted by Israeli terrorists?

J. ZAYED MO HALIFAK



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# Preview

It's fine to weep for the little seals, but what about the polar bears?

While the world is preoccupied with the drama unfolding off the Labrador coast involving baby seals, Canadian and Norwegian sealers and that ever-growing band of anti-pelts-and-skinners, a not-uncommon drama will be unfolding closer to northern Labrador itself. In this case the principles are identical: save seals, save seals, save seals, cut seals and polar bears. The last want to kill the bears for their hides and the Newfoundland Department of Resources and Wildlife wants to protect them, because they appear to be becoming extinct in that part of the world. Toward the end of February, Stewart Lutze, a wildlife biologist, in a jet-powered helicopter, will go bear hunting in the Long Range Mountains, about 500 miles north of Goose Bay, to begin the unconvincing hunt that since last year he has had 14 of the 50 seals Newfoundland pelts available for the annual large block auction on the assumption that other seals available, though sympathetic to the bear hunters, who make a few hundred dollars per pelt, is hoping that the conservation measures will increase the herd in Labrador to the point where hunting is legally resume. And, he's discovered since last year that there are some, perhaps five or six more, polar bears in the area than previously recorded. One man seems to be one of the fissionaries of polar bear is likely kept secret.

#### Tomorrow... the Louvre?

The Louvre in Paris is one of the great art galleries in the world. This June it will have 45 pictures by Canada's Group of Seven and Tom Thomson (who was not, despite popular belief, a member of the group). The collection, from the McMichael gallery near Toronto, is currently in London and will be on display in Matlock, Buxton, Matlock, Matlock and Matlock before returning to Canada in the fall.

#### The only way to rough it

Mobile homes and campers are the newest and most popular of shore, lake and mountain dwellings; they must share the road with other vehicles. If only there was some other way to take all the comforts from A



In Northern Labrador, extinction may be just ahead—or here now

to B... Now there is a number of sportsmen and mobile homes shown this spring will feature the Hulk Hunter, a remodeled Shrikeeny S-50 helicopter built in Florida and imported by Quebec's Gosselin Management. The price is about \$31,000—and convincing compensation, or "chase-a-fly"—a family of four can whip off its summer lakes and baysides with a combination of fun and bother, and manage quite nicely with the queen-size bed, the one-overhead bunks, the fully equipped kitchen, bathroom with shower, wash basin and chemical trailer air conditioner (and/or heavy-duty heating) TV set, stereo and bar. It is, of course, determined to taste

#### Flogging a dead dog

The same day as most people are new to the Louvre, it arrived as intended, and the A-Vision film company may be ready for another batch art film packages. Newfoundland, the governments of Canada and the United States seem determined (though not entirely) that the compilation of plays against both arenas (a combination van) be confirmed or erased. So far in Canada only Alberta, Manitoba, New Brunswick and Ontario have shown willingness to go along with Health Minister Max Lallana's suggestion that inoculations remain for the very young, the old and the chronically ill. In the United States what seems like programs were killed when 11 people died and 200 contracted a mysteriously purifying "French pox" after being inoculated. The new

health, education and welfare secretary, Joseph Califano, is also seeing a similar reception. Against the backdrop of concern (the boondoggle will end up costing about \$30 million in Canada alone) comes the story of a U.S. researcher who first collected a herd of pigs with swine flu, then gave them the virus. After the pigs recovered, he exposed the pigs to swine flu again—and they caught it, proving the vaccine is probably useless anyway.

#### From Ottawa with love

The Liberals have always insisted on the climate vote and with good reason: they're traditionally given it. But now the polls show about as much disagreement with the government's leasing situation as the population as a whole. As a result, the government appears to be going to a two-vote race now. On April 1 a referendum will be held on the proposed long-term arrangement of oil resources in the offshore regions, and it's expected that the Ministry of Natural Resources, which issued a separate entry under Dr Stanley Hudnut from 1972 to 1974 and was then put in the charge of Labor Minister John Munro, will be revived. The current first-ranking candidate for the post is Mr. John Reid from Kamloops-Rocky River, who unlike Hudnut (a Pol) is not exactly a member of what's thought of as an "ethnic" group. Apparently, says Scottish

#### The glory that was Trudeau

From Trudeau, hardly a Lazarus before, and he may do it again, but the odds say this isn't picked up his poker and walked for the last time. So concerned are two Canadian publishers of his relatively conservative political disease that each has a book to the works in account for *The Way It Was*. Ross Richardson, The Toronto Star columnist, is working on a kind of psycho-history of the Trudeau years for McClelland and Stewart, which hopes to publish part after Trudeau goes out. And George Kudravets, a columnist for the *Financial Times of Canada*, has an assignment from Macmillan for a book that is internally an extension of *Trudeauism*. There are no titles or details as yet, and neither publisher will admit there is a race on.

# Canada

## Why the dollar is taking a nose dive

Marty Lubchun is an impulsive, hawks-to-God grocer, one of those traditionally shadowy figures who operate in the mysterious world of international finance making and losing fortunes by dealing in other people's money. Right now Lubchun and his colleagues in the rancor-filled halls of the Chicago Mercantile Exchange are onto a very hot number—the远远 most volatile Canadian dollar which in the last three months has become one of the most buffeted currencies in the world. It has already lost value and, despite the experts are right, the worst is yet to come, as money traders in such places as Chicago and London assess the future of Canada and the Canadian dollar.

Many Americans from Alaska northward are losing in Canada. Every time Trudeau or Lévesque open their mouths they say the dollar changes again. "I don't know what the problem is," he's now said. "The Canadian dollar will need to lower, something that could greatly increase his earnings." Since the Parti Québécois' upset in the November 12 provincial election, the Canadian dollar has dropped from a level where it would nearly 50¢ U.S. to a point where it was worth scarcely more than 49¢ canad at mid-month. The election of Premier René Lévesque and investor uncertainty about the aim of his separatist government has led it to do with the end-dates of the dollar's decline. But that's for now. In the meantime, real trouble lies ahead for foreign investors.

While trying to predict future behavior is at best hazardous and at worst self-defeating, leading members of Canadian and American financial communities are virtually unanimous in forecasting that it will end sooner or later strengths in the foreseeable future and that it will likely fall even further. Estimates of when it will settle vary from less than 75 cents U.S. to somewhere near its present level. For Canadians, who import about 25% of the goods they consume, the economic implications are anything but pleasant, although just how implement depends largely how low the dollar actually goes. Should it eventually slide to, say, 83 cents—its approximate level in 1973—there would be a significant impact on the Canadian economy. The currency's enhanced purchasing power would push up prices across the board by 15% to 25%, says Keith Dore, executive vice-president of the Toronto-based Canadian Importers Association. The cost of imports was then passed on directly to consumers. It would mean, for example, that a new Toyota Corolla 1600 will cost



Lubchun on the floor of the Chicago Mercantile Exchange: the worst is yet to come

transmission, radio and rear window defroster would cost an additional \$488, selling for \$4,621 instead of \$3,933. A new Toyota Station wagon, which costs \$4,935, would go up by \$345. The grand prize of a deviated car is the 1978 Toyota Camry. At the same time, there would naturally create an expanded economic revival, more jobs for Canadians and greater overall prosperity.

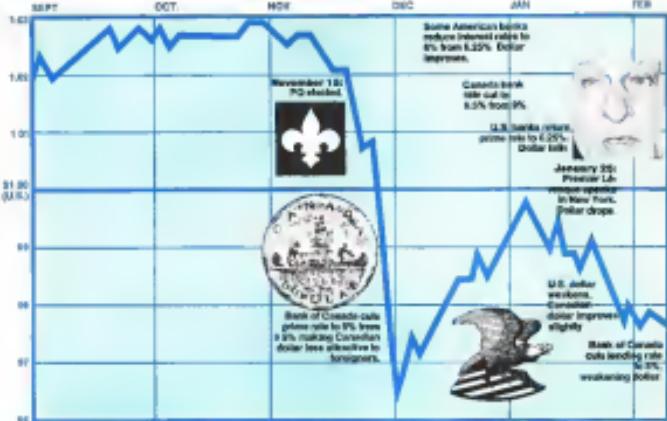
For the most pessimistic of the money brokers it's Natura-Wide Texting Company Limited, based in Toronto, which believes the dollar will go down to 75 cents U.S. Says Natura-Wide, which has a good track record in forecasting currency values: "It

would be foolhardy to believe that the Bank of Canada will be able to stabilize the [dollar] market in view of the fact that the rest of Canada's dollar problem cannot be solved. While there has been some success in getting people to stop buying Canadian dollars, it remains one concern that foreign exchange was not enough to support the currency at its previous high level. Much of all support was a spin-off from record-high foreign borrowing by governments in Canada at all levels—by corporations and private industry. Most of the borrowing was done by moving funds on foreign markets and in order to try to attract foreign funded Canadian funds."

On the foreign exchange market, Canadian behavior like any other commodity, no more or less exclusively than this year's maple crop. The dollar obeys the rules of supply and demand. If demand is high so is the dollar. What is really going to happen to Canada and its economy is no more important in the money market than what traders and speculators think it's going to happen. And many of those who do the thinking see foreigners with only a min-

imal knowledge about Canadian affairs. The demand for the Canadian dollar has remained fairly strong for several years. And so is the reason for this demand that the core of Canada's dollar problem can be found. While there has been some success in getting people to stop buying Canadian dollars, it remains one concern that foreign exchange was not enough to support the currency at its previous high level. Much of all support was a spin-off from record-high foreign borrowing by governments in Canada at all levels—by corporations and private industry. Most of the borrowing was done by moving funds on foreign markets and in order to try to attract foreign funded Canadian funds."

The erratic performance of the Canadian dollar (in terms of the U.S. dollar) since September



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The dip in the middle of these deadly serious deals is the Monty Lethmans of the world. Lubchun and his partner John Rasmussen specialize in finding buyers and sellers for currencies under pressure, and on the Chicago exchange—the second largest in the United States—the "pit" reserved for Canadian dollar dealing. He was found to have made gains in seven days. Lubchun says, "I think everybody was generally aware that the Canadian dollar was overvalued in the days after the Quebec election and after Lévesque's speech on New York's Wall Street. I think everybody was fairly pessimistic about the dollar's future, but he acknowledges that he doesn't want to take too many chances. So he, like many other speculators, arranges with a bank or broker through a broker to buy American dollar futures. Using this arrangement, he agrees to buy U.S. dollars and pay for them at any time up to six

months or so in the future at a fixed price of say \$1.03 Canadian to one dollar U.S. By opening continually in this fashion, speculators and other speculators can mount themselves against scenarios where they have to keep holding their Canadian currency until it reaches a price where they should do a deal, continue to trade. On the other hand, if such transactions are usually banks and big financial houses that can quickly and continuously buy and sell the funds they hold to maximize profits and avoid losses.

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But what few people outside the tight

circle of economists and financiers remain

at the time was that the impressive buoyancy of the dollar was due, in large measure, to Canada's extraordinarily heavy borrowing abroad. The country's total net external debt now stands at about \$60 billion—among the largest in the world. Part of the explanation for this phenomenon is the relatively small size of the country's economy, which makes it more difficult for its central bank and provincial governments also to manage foreign borrowing for a variety of reasons, not the least of which was to keep the dollar strong. But a more important factor is that Canadian interest rates have been higher than those in the United States, making it fairly easy to offer alternative returns to investors in New York, while the bulk of the borrowed funds was raised.

Like last year, however, the rush to borrow began in May and June for this year indicate the provinces and private companies will settle for a relatively modest five-billion-dollar inflow from funds. At the same time that borrowing began reducing their demands, the Bank of Canada started lowering its one-year prime lending rate to 8% from 9.5%, making Canadian bonds even less attractive. The shock from the Quebec election quickly focused attention on a solution to this problem.

The main advantage of a decided dollar is that it makes Canadian exports, such as pulp and paper products, minerals and some manufactured goods, less expensive, says Keith Dixon. "We are one of the few countries in the world that could export more than it imports. We're in a most advantageous position now. Our resources and goods are in demand and our dollar is less than par with the American dollar. We don't do it because our manufacturing is just too lazy." Like Dixon, the federal government does, would like to see a cheaper dollar, because it is the only way which would produce more profit in the short run and, more importantly, ensure new jobs to ease Canada's soaring 7.5% seasonally adjusted unemployment rate. Canada is already selling more goods abroad than it buys, but not quite enough to offset the drift away on the overall balance of payments account caused by the outflow of funds needed to service the external debt held by Canadian tourists spending more overseas than foreigners spend here.

But there are difficult problems in the way of an import-led recovery. In the first place, it immediately takes a year or more after a devaluation before exports lead to increased foreign demand. Meanwhile, the external cost of imports—and its inflationary effects—will likely stay after a devaluation in order to dampen compensating price increases. In addition, the international economic outlook currently is extremely cloudy, with



**Canadian Imperial Bank of Commerce foreign currency exchange room (left),** Bixx (left) who's predicting 11% price hikes for imports, and Gordon Denyer (right) who talks about a 70-cent-dollar



confidence (perhaps unreasonably so) that the pace of the U.S. recovery will quicken and that there will be a resumption in strong foreign demand abroad.

Even assuming a rapid expansion, however, there's still no reason to expect the dollar will stay flat for long, if, say, the British pound, which has been driven to roughly \$1.70 from about \$1.60 five years ago. The Bank of Canada has held foreign exchange reserves with which to buy dollars and the Canadian government could decide to issue more bonds abroad and push up demand if a slide threatened to get out of control.

But these are holding operations for the most part and, unless the market and most economists are very wrong, the heady days when a strong Canadian dollar would buy you loads of foreign currency at some of the most attractive rates in the world, are quickly going way to move modestly down.

—MAVIN DOYLE/HARLETT STEWART



goes to Western Europe and Japan, two of the more lucrative markets for Canadian goods, at a standstill and with economic expansion in the United States, Canada's biggest trading partner, showing only a fetal recovery from the recession. Ottawa, however, has little choice other than to rely on a strong American recovery as an accompanying surge in demand for Canadian export demand. The federal government is forced to rely heavily on increasing interest rates (see graph) to generate borrowing as Canada for new investment. But this, in turn, can create its own dilemma. If interest rates drop sharply later while they are still rising in the United States, it adds Canadian bonds to self-reinforcing further the demand for Canadian dollars. Nevertheless, the federal government and some economists seem fairly

## OTTAWA Foul-weather friends

In the middle of the severe cold wave that gripped the nation and midwestern United States last month, Energy Minister Alfonso Gallegos was watching in the radio one Friday night and picked up reports of more U.S. school closings and more faculty strikes because of a shortage of gas. Gallegos, a native of Quebec, Canada, was already dealing on an urgent basis with requests from U.S. companies for excess Canadian gas and oil, but Gallegos wanted to know: Was there anything else we could do? Enders put it tough with James Schlesinger, Jimmy Carter's energy boss in Washington, and was back in Gallegos' office the next morning. "I'm not sure we can create two new dilemma. If interest rates drop sharply later while they are still rising in the United States, it adds Canadian bonds to self-reinforcing further the demand for Canadian dollars. Nevertheless, the federal government and some economists seem fairly

power Commission arranging deliveries."

The prompt action and a letter to Pierre Trudeau from Carter the next day expressing "deep appreciation" for the series of decisions undertaken in this span of cooperation that "certainly demonstrates official dialogue between the two capitals." That message, in turn, in a speech to the Canadian House of Commons, in response to the president's speech to Congress, February 21-23 for talks with Carter and an addendum to a joint statement of Congress, the first ever delivered by a Canadian Prime Minister. The bilateral dialogue is also a direct response to the Quebec election. In both Ottawa and Washington there was a little desire to make the first Trudeau-Carter encounter a "friendly" occasion that would enhance Trudeau's stature back home. "The Americans," notes Professor Roger Swanson of Johns Hopkins University's Canadian studies center, "really perceive it to be in their interest to have a strong Canadian prime minister."

That is a significant shift from Carter's previous record. When asked if he planned to see British Prime Minister James Callaghan first, Carter replied: "Strangely told me that it is a matter of protocol. I have to see the Canadians and the Mexicans first." The atmosphere surrounding Trudeau's visit, which was to follow that of Mexico's President Jose Lopez Portillo, did suggest that Canada will now command yet greater attention in Carter's overall design. But there is a greater awareness in Washington now of Canada's problems in the wake of René Lévesque's election and his much-publicized speech in New York outlining his scenario for Quebec independence. "The political situation in Quebec may be incredibly important only to Washington but in all capitals of the world," says Trudeau. "One would be naive to think President Carter's office didn't understand about that."

Anticipating the winter, Trudeau was only called on his foreign policy adviser, Ivan Head, for a pre-arranged, Gordon Robison, whom in charge of federal-provincial relations at the Privy Council Office, also contributed research. With an eye on domestic coverage of the speech in Congress, Trudeau and his aids were also debating whether or not to include some reference to the energy crisis. But he had no intention of "announcing" it. Instead, Trudeau was expected to make his views clear by omission. Since Trudeau and Carter are both short on time, the concern is in saving each other up well into early spring, perhaps, with controversial issues avoided to leave more sessions of formal talk, since the new President is not yet thoroughly briefed.

Canadians can expect at least a sympathetic hearing as most insist of only because in recent months the American public has won some major rounds on issues they view as "unfair." The Trudeau government has forced the cuts to back down on its policy of requiring cable companies to delete commercials from programs they carry from U.S. border stations, a response to a lobby mounted by powerful U.S. broadcasting interests and senators. In particular, U.S. protests, the Trudeau government has backed off and used the Foreign Investment Review Agency as a much milder screening mechanism.

Some areas of great concern in certain Canadians don't want to be passed by Trudeau. For instance, Canada has recently adopted an aggressive posture on

\*Executive board, Montreal Bank Ltd. Canada's largest private company claims for example that every one cent day in the Canadian dollar creates roughly extra 1.2 million income to other oil profits.

can bankrupt oil mining concerns. The two men were also expected to explore world economic strategies and ways to coordinate stimulating the two closely related economies. Trudeau could reduce his dialogue with Carter to a minimum if he wants to limit the exchanges and avoid the proliferation of mutual weapons.

Above the outstanding issues between the two countries—ranging from the steel pact and possible oil increases on the St. Lawrence Seaway system to the cleanup of the Great Lakes—Trudeau seemed to have more to make headlines in key environmental concern—the Garrison River diversion scheme in North Dakota



the U.S. president for applying an freeze to American subdivisions in Canada. The prime example is the Cohes Assets Control Regulation, which require U.S. subsidiaries to obtain a license before trading with Cuba, which is not a signatory to the law. The Americans argue that the law is honored only at the breach, but there is no guarantee that individual firms of U.S. firms in fact have not been blocked from trading with Cuba. Says an External Affairs officer: "As a matter of principle, it goes without saying."

There is no doubt, Canadians are anxious to protect national interests in energy, especially energy regulation, since the U.S. is seen as a major threat to its oil and natural gas supplies. "At least," says one Trudeau monitor, "they now know we're here." At the same time, the government's politically-motivated passion for smooth relations with the United States opens up the prospect of less hearty defenses of Canadian pipelines. Ambassador Enders, who has invested more than \$400 million in his first year in Ottawa, is an immensely capable advocate for his nation's interests and has sometimes managed to generate interest in much unorthodox support in Canada for his

mentals in the United States. That is probably the reason why he sounds so strained these days a bit like a governmental affairs "If you add it all up," he continues, "and look at the higher level of issues we've had—Henry [Kennedy] and Alan [MacEachern] and Doug [Johnson]—it's been a pretty good year."

ROBERT LINDNER

## MONTREAL

### Lévesque's last drive

Suddenly René Lévesque seemed vulnerable. Speaking only days after being involved in a fatal car crash earlier that month he was obviously distraught as he talked emotionally about the "difficult moments...you always think of happening to someone else." For the Parti Québécois Premier it was a severe personal blow, but the political damage appears to have been minimal, despite a call by Le Droit editor Claude Bryan for a full public inquiry into the accident. The tragedy happened after the Premier left a party at the home of old friend Yves Mercier.

Bryan, who is also a member of Québec's National Assembly, and his companion Colette Côté, a romantic novelist companion, Lévesque got a car clipping on the right side of the road while persons standing nearby, warning. It was 4:15 a.m., Sunday, February 8. And a police spokesman said: "He [Lévesque] was left, so as not to hit the one who was wrong, and in doing so he hit someone who was lying on the road." The victim was Edgar Trotter, a 43-year-old drunkard, known for his habit of taking naps in vehicles to which he'd a few dollars from distressed drivers. George Wilson, a young man in his twenties, had spotted Trotter lying on the road, pulled over and got out of his car to help. He told police that the old man was unconscious and was trying to get up. "They're both lookin' like he had no courage." Wilson never reached him. He opened another car window down the hill and tried to wake it to a halt.

Marion Cansley, a Montreal bus technician, commented: "I was following Lévesque's car for a while down Côte des Neiges Road. He could not have been going more than 25 miles per hour because we were always the same distance apart and I was about 75 miles per hour. I was about 200 feet from his car when I saw the car swerve suddenly and then skid to a halt. I only saw the other man [Wilson] when I got out of my car and I really wished Lévesque had not come when I got out of my car. Lévesque seemed shocked up by the sound of the quite noise."

The incident was not only a jarringly personal shock, but also an unsettling note concerning his personal life—if he has always kept very private. The first time there had been any public mention of his private affairs came late fall with the publication of Peter Doherty's book *Recess*, which disclosed that he was separated from his wife. The French press has always taken the position that a politician has an



Dédi (left), Trotter (above) and Lévesque after the accident, two days after the accident, from a newspaper-driven insurance things don't change just happens or becomes else.



The next step is for Justice Minister André Boisvert to allow the normal minister's request to proceed at the discretion of the coroner.

Generally, Quebecers have responded to the man who, during the provincial election campaign, made fun of Senator Edward Kennedy's son as "a little boy." He has always kept very private. The first time there had been any public mention of his private affairs came late fall with the publication of Peter Doherty's book *Recess*, which disclosed that he was separated from his wife. The French press has always taken the position that a politician has an



André D. Lévesque, born 50 years ago a few miles up the coast from the hometown of his adversary, Premier René Lévesque, the affable but fractious 20-year veteran of the National Assembly has not only the crown's cause in his corner, he has a strong advocate in Edgar Trotter.

Trotter arrived at a bar very drunk. Said Dr. Maurice Thibault, emergency director of the hospital: "He was examined by a doctor who determined there was nothing wrong with him." Afterward when he began to get noisy and disturb the nurse, a security guard called police, but when two constables who answered the call found that the man's boots in their driveway were clotted, they drove him out of the station and dropped him in order to avoid the paperwork of booking him at a dock. Trotter apparently had never recovered from the five years he spent serving as a POW during the Second World War, arriving with the 22nd Battalion in The Vimy Dragoon. He became a prisoner and remained until 1945, never when he died by war epidemic, tuberculosis, and had lost control of his bowel movements.

The police segregation did not stop with dropping Trotter outside their station, however. Two detective sergeants from eight patrol tried to take over the investigation from the constable at the scene and subsequently police officers phoned English radio stations and newspapers saying that Lévesque had been going more than 50 mph. Commented one police reporter: "They're honest. They've just been forced to act by the Minister of Justice so they're trying to try to dry the Premier in the media." The most salient element of linguistic tensions added to the case and more suspicion of the police.

INTERVIEW

## QUEBEC

### To the losers...a mess

"The opposition leader," said former Quebec Liberal minister Raymond Cormier, "doesn't like to be called Mr. Lévesque." Stated beside him at a recent gathering and adding his enthusiastic agreement was Gingé lawyer, our dealer and now interim leader of the Quebec Liberal Party,



René Lévesque, the Quebec Liberal Party president (on the far left) with André Boisvert, and Cormier-Labreche, left who'll lead, but in what direction

René Lévesque, has another a program and an array of prominent party leaders to build upon.

Both the policy and leadership rooms are to be seized by an end-of-Filibuster conference of key Liberal Party precision Réal Pépin will likely again be called to task for his dismal efforts in sell the ill-fated Réalités with the stink slick methods he acquired in an advertising executive.

Robert Bourassa, the man who once led both the party and the concept of "provable federalism," is in disarray. He spent the first winter months shuttling between Montreal and Ottawa, trying to divide off a black depression and then settled to earth in Ottawa on a vague study mission. If Bourassa is plotting a political return, one thing seems certain: he is likely to pack up the fight for Confederation, having held his federal bridges on his last parliamentary visit to Ottawa as Liberal chief of party. He may, even, consider a new vision of Quebec's future and do so to its spirit of "independence."

Nor amay more than independence

the popularity of the party to be left behind if federalist dreams remain from the status quo. Federation of National Assembly member George Springer is to scheme that Canada be given five autonomous provinces put forward by pro-federalist amphibius and Liberal House leader Jean-Noël Lavent. Without a clear party line to follow on the issue, individual Liberals have started competing for Canada's gaze. In language, at least, Western Quebecer René Ménard, Ontario's most ardent federalist, has stepped up his support for a Canadian government with his new Canada-Québec Association. He supports to re-opening more roads than Springer for easier use for Western魁北克人. In his latest move, Ménard says his "new Canada" group may be flooded by the sale of Trotter.

"Not only for broad with high 'Work toward a new Liberal consensus or Confederation,' a blighted by the party's inability to agree on whether a new ideology should be laid down before or after a new leader is chosen. So Lévesque, one of the few prominent Liberals not being blamed for the Ni-

agara Falls, has a

strong mandate to

lead the party to

success in the 1984 election.

Liberal, if they are to avoid sounding as merged states, could make significant moves such as French-speaking voters leaving their church "non aux séparatistes" (separatists) comprising rest them seat on the island of Montreal that does not have been

anglophone populations. Six of the 16 electoral areas are anglophones, which gives the party a majority representation exceeding English-speaking strength in the population of Quebec.

Profoundly bilingual, the represented Liberal constituency and its leader, Rodrigue Biron, are making quickly in political awareness so that not only through their work the official opposition and the Liberals a more maps, a Parti Québécois seat from 1970 to 1973. DAVID THOMAS

## B.C.

### Why not Deutsch?

When things began looking a little dim after last summer's July heat in the "Bavarian City" of Kimberley, B.C., a lively publication looked the news that Kimberley was sporting a Germanic name, more by virtue to be rechristened in the East Kootenay mountains beyond the obvious durability, the new name had been chosen to reflect the town's Germanic ancestry. In fact, the name is German; people like the station was cooking up and Winterfest was just around the corner. As a turned out, the die-hard season never happened and that month's Winterfest was postponed by lack of snow, but the town is unapologetic. Kimberley, where they raise hogs and deer, is usually sitting on a tourist gold mine and can weather a tough winter.

Few years ago, it didn't look at Kimberley, population 8,100, was going to survive at all. A one-industry town, it depended heavily on the highway that connects southern Alberta and American traffic also. When Highway 3 was stopped to the south, causing travel by 30 miles, the town's future was in jeopardy and there was soon no way to get to any major city or a grade in a few hours at all. The population began to decline, 80 cents of every tourist dollar departed to Cranbrook 20 miles to the south, and so did Kimberley's businesses. As the tax base dwindled, harassed city officials began talking about regional ties making bi-passed and one name remaining in 1972, when half a dozen Kimberley citizens decided over coffee, to save their town.

The town's only asset was a sparsely populated setting. But Kimberley looked like almost every western town between the Fraser River and the Rio Grande a while back, since most business by two major universities with grace to none. The Kimberley citizens decided to turn Kimberley around. In 1972, the other side of tourism began to develop. The Alpine Inn, a replica of an Alpine village, was announced, along with a new hotel, newspaper owner Bill Taylor established a new town magazine, called a McDonald's of town papers, and a new name for the other.

The Alpine Inn, a replica of an Alpine village, was announced, along with a new hotel, newspaper owner Bill Taylor established a new town magazine, called a McDonald's of town papers, and a new name for the other. The Alpine Inn, a replica of an Alpine village, was announced, along with a new hotel, newspaper owner Bill Taylor established a new town magazine, called a McDonald's of town papers, and a new name for the other.



The central "polar" in Kimberley and the Beavertail caricature-sculpture ideal welcomes tourists, saved from certain death.

mentioning Kimberley during the mass media and laboratories said, "I thought you have a spot that can't be beat with the exception of the beach."

The move has already won a BC beauty award and tourism—10,000 run up in annual benefits—and the effects are showing. The Kimberley area about to build some houses. Back in 1972, two months after the initial coffee break, newspaper owner Bill Taylor established a new town magazine, called a McDonald's of town papers, and a new name for the other.

On the other side of the Rockies, Cranbrook is still the 180th largest town in Canada, in terms of size, but it's growing. It's growing to draw overnight guest. Does that year's \$40,000 budget. But Smith's committee is now hoping to accommodate every house within sight of every road into Kimberley, with a recently completed \$500,000 Neighborhood Improvement Program grant. If that project succeeds—some houses are already sold—Kimberley will look only one thing: an aquatic statue of Ludwig the Mad, the eccentric German king who used to deposit his latrine, by the gross to every new hotel built in his kingdom.

SUSANNE PEARSON

# The Blender.

White Sail Rum. Its friendly taste mixes better with everything. Especially friends.

## CREW-DRIVER

Pot 1½ ozs Wood's White Sail Rum and 3 ozs cold fresh orange juice (without ice) into blender. Blend 10-15 seconds at lowspeed. Pour over rocks in Old-Fashioned glass. Garnish with orange slice.

## WHITE GINNY

Mix 1½ ozs Wood's White Sail Rum, 1 oz fresh lemon juice, ½ ripe banana and 2 tsp sugar with one cup of finely cracked ice. Blend until creamy. Serve in chilled champagne glass.



## SAINT-BAT SOUR

Shake with ice. 2 pbs Wood's White Sail Rum, White Seltz (cups white rum), 1 oz fresh lemon juice, 1 Tbsp orange juice and 1 tsp sugar syrup or sugar. Strain into pre-chilled whisky-sour tumbler. Add ½ slice lemon.

For more tasty and friendly White Sail recipes write Dept. MAC, P.O. Box #6268, Station A, Montreal, Quebec H3C 2S1.



# Winning by default

For Joe Clark, it has been a very good year

By Robert Lewis

It all began innocently enough Sunday morning in Toronto, where he had just come home from a meeting from his Clark "The Leader." says the Tory spokesman "had decided to postpone instead of postpone. We can probably get breakfast in the airport." Guests at the hotel were ready for the start of the western leg of a five-day tour. Joe Clark, leader of the Progressive Conservative Party, easily organizes the seating arrangements in the car. But when he got to Toronto's airport, Clark even hungered over a front-page photo in Toronto's Sunday Star. The day before, in the Toronto borough of Scarborough, while rushing over the head of a child to shake hands at a shopping centre, Clark unspun his long fingers in the little girl's hair. Now looking at the picture of his self-revolving, somewhat vaporous and wavy-haired Robert Stanfield dressed in full bell-bottom trousers, Clark said, "I'm not too bad, I suppose," dryly.

Upon arrival at the Toronto departure terminal, Clark quipped with the rest of the Vancouver-bound passengers, leading a reporter's bag onto the conveyor ramp along with his own. On the way to the departure gate, Clark stops to introduce himself to a beaming woman who recognized him at the counter. "Hi, I'm Joe Clark," he says. "What's your name?"

A political use of power is forced to spend much of his time bumbling fortuitously. The simple fact that Clark could react so quickly to the lady in the airport, and do the right thing, is a measure of his skill at the majority of his tasks. Not being in power, however, is not Clark's forte. For example, no bodyguards have ever around him, nor any of the other perks of the man who lives at 24 Sussex Drive. But in style and training, Clark adapts naturally to handling details himself. By instinct he is a man of simple tastes with no leavings in political grandeur or armchair ease. Until he was elected to the House of Commons in 1972 at the age of 33, he had spent 13 years organizing and writing for others: first John Diefenbaker, then David Fulton and Robert Stanfield. Now, 12 months after assuming the Conservative leadership as the second choice of most delegates to a fragmented convention, he is doing many of the political chores for himself, working the country if it were one big electoral district.

"I am an organizer," he said. The Tory slogan which earned him his February 16 nomination as leader. Clark proved that. He traveled 84,000 miles in Canada spending 137 long days on the



Stately and commanding, Clark is going to the people, through television radio shows (above), over plane trips and conferences (left), even pinball games of golf (right) and the good-old Main Street (on this case Kingston's, with Pierre MacDonnell).



road visiting such places as Great Lake in the Yukon and Witless Bay, Newfoundland, a lot of the town and cities in between. On the basis of the evidence presented by the Gullag poll in January, Clark may be poised to assume the country's highest office. But to date that restless, wondering and relatively unknown and his around where he fit largely by default, brought the election in under the nose of Pierre Trudeau. "He's been a right sort of a grandfather," Clark says. "He has a very simple philosophy," adds an active party worker in Toronto. "What he hasn't transcended is a philosophy."

Clark is aware that he is "not that great-



one. But he believes he is "the best available" leader of Canada. That is, maybe a refreshingly realistic reading for a political figure to offer. It also reflects a certain uncertainty about his grasp on the party. A revealing glimpse of this uncertainty surfaced during a recent conversation about John Turner, the former Liberal finance minister who very lately has designs upon Prime Ministerial office. "I don't know if I think John is a good leader," says Clark. "But when some one observed that there was still a lot of talk about Turner becoming leader of the party, Clark asked, "What and?"—bringing up a fear that Turner might conceivably wind up surpassing Clark ahead of the Progressive Conservatives.

Probably the central fact that overshadows Clark's political future is the uncertainty over the fate of Pierre Trudeau.

"There is one man who holds it all in his

but full short of Trudeau on toughening the polls show that Trudeau is viewed as more likely to come first in an election—and she more likely to come second.

So it is obvious that Clark has to be doing something right. This, essentially, tends to be the fact that he is a creature of his times. The days of political elevation of uneducated flunko govenors are over. Clark is there to symbolize that change. He has no big illusions, and he often none. His people are the politicians from the provinces of the Fifties. They are after earning their degrees or moving into business management they have some kind to try to run the country in the orderly manner that characterizes their own lives. They have no room in a revolution or within wholly disorganized, they have done things and invented useful devices.

One of Clark's Quebec party organization events is a pinball game which shows hockey players. As Ontario Tory supporters understand, that does not reflect party bag. If there is anything distinguishing about the people around Clark is the sense they give off that they now believe they can win a new Tory Prime Minister. If there is anything exciting about Clark, a man who is off-camera witty and candid in the last that he will go along with three objectives that in the sense he might not be his own person.

One of Clark's accomplishments to date has been to keep his 85 members and discipline 80 more or less in line. There are ominous signs, however, that he has not stamped his brand on the entire herd. By late last month Quebec's Claude Wagner had started up a ripple of muddy water during a free-for-all appearance on a radio talk show in Montreal during which Wagner, who has been trying to arrange a telephone or television interview with Clark. On the western wing there have been nibblings from John Diefenbaker about Clark. And Alexander MacEachern, Jack Hansen, who is struggling to work on Clark's side. Ottawa's desire to demonstrate its loyalty during an appearance on Peter Gzowski's 90-minute late-night show. When asked how things would be different had Harper won the leadership, Hansen pointedly volunteered a half dozen anecdotes which things would have been decidedly different. Clark's judgment is that the Tories' general thrust lies within themselves. At a party dinner in Ottawa, he bluntly declared: "The election is ready to be won in the country. It's waiting to be lost in the country."

It is after 10 p.m. on Wednesday when Clark's eliminated five-set annual touchdown at Kingston, Ontario. A volunteer driver is on hand to take two reporters in a jet to Queen's University where Clark does an hour of table-hopping. The next night, prior to Clark's appearance at the (invited) anniversary at a university lecture dinner is laid on for the reporters at a local eatery called Avant L'heure. The discussion

between the journalists at the table is dominated by the discovery that Clark's "introduction is a recycled review." In which he goes to England too? "I have never had the chance [to travel]," says Clark, as he goes by the table to a room curtained off for a private meal with constituency officials. Later, a Clark worshiper emerges from the back room and says, rather blithely, to our table: "Nice to see you're being taken care of, boys." The owner, who declared earlier that "there are no liberals on this payroll," stops by to assure that dinner is on the house.

Then an impressive share-and-share-suspicion of the media have largely come a visiting going to lunch with the editorial boards of newspapers, issuing invocations to diverse parties and making regular use of private paths and open doors to all kinds of sources and stories. One reason is that they want longer lengths and more time for their appearances and warns against "false accusations, such as large staff bias, and say movements that appear shifty." Conservatives are cautioned to be "the next person" and, when it doesn't fit, evade tough questions.

In the meantime, Clark is working on his image, his physical health and intellectual sense. Upfront on sports, he recently signed up at the new Ottawa Athletic club. He has taken up rowing, country skiing with his wife, Marlene, and has started building time into his schedule for visits to the theatre and hockey games. People who watch Clark closely worry about the葆ness of the man. In the early days his personal scheduler resembled that of a film director, with half a dozen appointments scheduled in the morning and half a dozen others. He continually moves from speeches and meetings, announcing his next engagement on the way out of the last. His interests in reading are almost exclusively political; he is something of a junkie when it comes to political reporting.



After admitting he's not like previous...

and playful and is not averse to throwing off the occasional come-on. A lady friend of a Tory official professed to be totally charmed one day when Trudeau eyed her on his way into the House of Commons and remarked that "it's rather ga exude and tap with you than go at them."

Women who have spent time around Clark are another bit struck by his seeming lack of interest. Says one of his close advisers: "He's not a lady's man."

Such matters of style in the age of the media super-star are obliterated along Clark's route to the political mainstream—unless he can find an effect to the same contrasts with Trudeau. Despite the allegation that he is opaque on policy, Clark has been surprisingly definite on issues that respond to media.

- He demands the right of Trudeau on such issues as the New Economic Order advocated by Third World nations. The Liberals are shifting ground in line with some other Clark thrills. His emphasis on ties with traditional allies such as the United States, his skepticism about unemployment insurance and local economic programs, his commitment to maintaining trade, his capable compromise with Canada's obligations to North and United Nations peacekeeping.

- On the right to date, he is a prima donna of a more open and accessible federal government. He advocates release of more government information.
- He is a stout defender of federal institutions. At a Tory meeting in Toronto, Clark when told that Trudeau was "showing French down the nose" declared that an "a-hem" was "deafening" that "one of my goals would be to have a large number of strong French-Canadian ministers in my cabinet."

What kind of Prime Minister would Joe Clark be? He would be highly political, partisan and egotistical. He would likely

also be opportunistic, even ruthless. Despite his faced mask, says one staffer, "He's a real animal." Clark would probably be the last choice of becoming prime minister if he needs to make contacts. Clark would be more open and approachable than Trudeau. But he might tend to be under-armed people, who do not share his lifestyle and outlook. (He used to enjoy watching David Cronkite in a news "serial" I found on the air a Scientologist.)

One of the most attractive features of a new Clark government might be as willingness to shake up a reverent and hidebound over-susceptible Clark believes that bureaucrats have become too powerful and smug, and advances substantial tools to weed them out among the people. At the same time, Clark and his aids display an interesting, almost Rousseauian concern about "loyalty." One top mandarin, asked of the former prime keeping a "bit of Liberal in service," said he would be pleased (When Peter Lougheed became Premier of Alberta, with Joe Clark as one of his key strategists, the provincial Conservative called for reports on all the top public servants serving those who were Social Credit partisans.)

To a large degree, Clark's chances of success are still beyond his control, as they were in the leadership race a year ago. If the Liberals replace Trudeau with Turner, the indications are that Clark's fortunes would diminish dramatically. A poll in the springby Léger et Fils, showed that in three readings, including Justice Minister Alan Badenoch, Clark's Tories currently are leading Trudeau's Liberals 49% to 39%. With Turner as leader, however, the preference would be 42% to 39% for the Liberals, according to English-Canadian perception of Clark's ability to relate to the election of a First Nations' power master. The indications of the latest Léger poll were that Quebecers no longer consider Trudeau to be the only man for the issue, but the implications for Clark are impossible to read yet with any certainty. A measure of Quebec's reaction to Clark could come from the five by-elections organized in Quebec this spring. Clark's bet is that he will be able to come to an informal alliance with both the PQ and the Union Nationale, two parties that share a desire to maintain clout in Quebec. The PQ option worked actively on behalf of Tony le Maire, Quebec's most dedicated federalist, before becoming Minister of Finance in October 1975 and says one Montreal Tory organizer, "We'll help him from the left because we've helped them. We sure the PQ would rather have Clark than Trudeau."

That kind of political opportunism raises some of the more fundamental questions about Joe Clark—the questions of just who he is and what he stands for. So far Clark has usually held out a simple—and lamentably inadequate—promise that in the words of Calgary Tory sir Harvie Andrus, "at least we'll be different."

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## Clark believes he's a man for his time, and he may be right

Since taking over as Tory leader a year ago, Clark has succeeded in conveying a sense of stability and strength. At 39, 300 Met. Ryerson on Western Condominiums, Toronto, Ontario, Robert Clark, 39, 300 Met. Ryerson on Western Condominiums, Toronto, Ontario, Robert Clark, in an interview with Maclean's Ottawa Bureau Chief Robert Livers, revealed himself as a man with firm ideas about himself and the country's future. Excerpts from that conversation:

**Maclean's:** You have spent virtually all of your political life as an organizer. Where is she other dimension?

**Clark:** That worried me in the beginning. I have a particular kind of job to do and it involves making political decisions and managing people. That's what my training and experience have been. I would argue that for the job of Prime Minister it is more germane to have had the type of experience I had than to have been a lawyer or a civil servant or a bureaucrat and someone who spent most of their time abroad than at home or, arguably, a trial lawyer which has been the qualification of my three predecessors.

**Maclean's:** Is there in you something of the survivor?

**Clark:** Any successful political leader has to be an survivor. It's a person's task of himself in being capable of a particular community, it's known for success in other communities. Most Canadians consider themselves outsiders. They will respond to the independence I support if someone who does not appear to be kept.

**Maclean's:** The business community has not exactly endorsed you.

**Clark:** They would have drawn another kind of line. Most people would have known me already. The decision to support me, I don't think occurred until politicians were even seen in public by the party they are close to.

**Maclean's:** You don't think southerners are part of the party?

**Clark:** Oh no. I'm not the greatest. I think I'm the last available.

**Maclean's:** How are people reacting to you?

**Clark:** I suppose there is still some question as to whether or not I can do. That's all I'm asking. I'm told that the communists are our own worst enemy, since, over the past few days, they've done nothing. Part of the reason that the notion of strength is tested is that as no one questions that Pierre Trudeau is strong.

**Maclean's:** Does some of it have to do with the fact that you are not a "Rock"?

**Clark:** Maybe, yes it might.

**Maclean's:** A lot of older ideologues wish that it seems to be set of things John Turner has going for him.

**Clark:** More with Turner than Trudeau. The other factor is that people are looking



For Trudeau without wars, and don't forget, you're part of the party.

**Maclean's:** One, they're not the best choice for a Clark with a name like that.

**Clark:** I don't know what that means. Clark with Trudeau's name? It doesn't happen.

**Maclean's:** Your people seem so very traditional. Conservative, Patriotic, Anti-tax, the sort of pure politicians of the 1950s-60s era.

**Clark:** Who are the old-savers? There was a lot of talk around in the Sixties about new models. Bibby Kennedy drew on an interest generation. That generation was very much that time and it isn't there anymore. Their brothers, 10 years younger, doing something that is not student activism. I suppose they are traditional in that they are to their mothers' early fathers and living a bit longer.

**Maclean's:** Does some of it have to do with the fact that you are not a "Rock"?

**Clark:** Maybe, yes it might.

**Maclean's:** A lot of older ideologues wish that it seems to be set of things John Turner has going for him.

**Clark:** More with Turner than Trudeau. The other factor is that people are looking

cycles. We've come through a cycle of conservatism. It is time to have a cycle away from conservatism, which may have some elements of it to it, but it's time for us to have to be concerned again. There has been a cycle of helping people rather than convincing people to help themselves.

**Maclean's:** Isn't your new policy advisory board a much more to do with instruments than principles?

**Clark:** There are two tactical advantages. One is that I don't have to make any specific commitment that I am not in a position to make. Secondly, it's important to illustrate an interest in policy matters. This is important for the committee goes far deeper than that. I'm very much concerned about the fact that we will be going into office with very few people who have had substantial experience anywhere. We understand that governments can become captives of a status quo very quickly unless they have a good spiritual sense of who they are and to what same audience of who in the country can help them do the best they can for them. The caucus starts to provide that kind of assurance. They're not buying anything. They're not doing anything. So we are going to need some help.

**Maclean's:** How do you react to the notion that you have not at this point convinced a sense of what you would do in office?

**Clark:** That's quite correct. I really did look upon the first year [as Conservative leader] as a party phase, a phase of putting together the kind of structure that I think is essential to form a national government.

The sense of establishing as a sort of quite strong a Conservative Party right now. Now we have to get into greater emphasis on growing sense of division of where the party is going and adding the centre.

**Maclean's:** What do you mean when you say that one the November 13 Quebec election there is an opportunity for the Conservative Party?

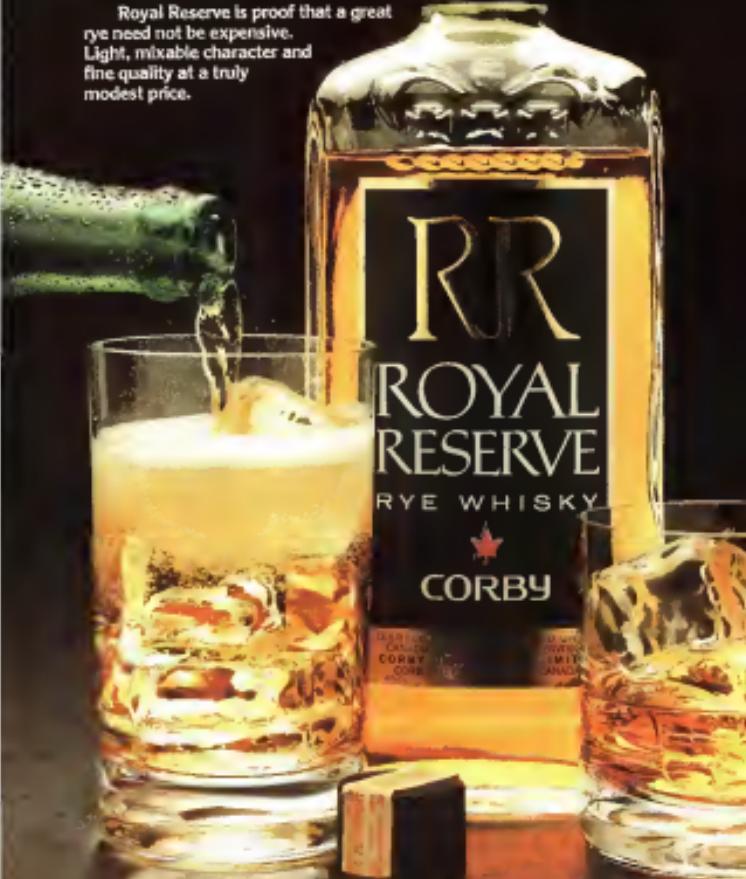
**Clark:** The federal Party has suffered and I believe we are looking for somewhere to go. The capacity of the federal system to manage will expand out in Quebec between popular Québécois and Réformistes. The popularity of the Québec Liberals is stable indeed. The popularity of the established federal spokesman in Quebec is stable indeed. So there is an opportunity for us to attract additional spokesmen for, I believe, and because they are there the Liberals may attract a larger number of people. I believe that we do. But those people will always be seen as occupying the second row. They will find in the shadow of the dissolved.

**Maclean's:** How do you liberate yourself from the notion that the only good federal election in Quebec are Liberal?

**Clark:** We are liberated from that notion now. The opposition might be that there are no good federalists in Quebec now. We have to prove that there are.

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# The better mousetrap

Why the world beats a path to Disney's door

The band was blaring bravely, cheerleaders were swaying and shouting, Mickey Mouse was waving from his perch atop a float. Donald Duck, Goofy and all the gang cavorted through the crowd along Main Street U.S.A. in the heart of Walt Disney World. At the tail of the street where it turns around the shadow of Cinderella's castle, the crowd, from a list titled "Honor with the children," Bobby three and Judy four, Judy was shrieking. Bobby was weeping aloud and their mother was poking Judy in a disconcerted way and saying, "Look, there's Mickey! Look, there's Goofy! Isn't this fun?" Dad was wearing the martyred look of a man who has devoted his vacation to driving through those dozen of hours, start and stop so he can fork out about \$100 a day to listen to his children whine, something he could do at home for free.

Never mind. Almost everyone else was having fun kids and adults alike. Most of them were glad they had come to central Florida to visit what the Rand McNally road map calls "the largest and most elaborate tourist attraction ever conceived." And only a spotter would point out that fantasy lands are not everybody's cup of Kool-Aid or that in this most opulent of all fantasy lands there is amid all the splendor and delight, something just a little bit creepy.

Amusement parks are one of America's sturdiest growth industries. These are not the amateurish parks of yesterday; these are state-of-the-art. The latest theme shows shell rides, hot dogs, candy floss, games of chance, contests and shirt fits. In the old days, those were the places where you went as your�태국인들처럼 at night. Today's parks have gone far beyond that. Like a crack at the crown and anchor wheel set, hot dogs and candy floss comes and drunk coke, into the loop the loop and roller coaster and those up and down about four carefully hoarded dollars. Today's amusement parks are clean, orderly places, beautiful places where families, gamboled together and where four bucks will not even get you past the admission gate.

The trend was started two decades ago when Disneyland opened at Anaheim, California, and began to draw tourists and dollars like a giant Mickey Mouse mousetrap. Since then more than two-score new-style amusement parks have sprung up across the United States, ranging from such modest efforts as the \$14-million World of Sci and Merry Kroft at Atlanta, Georgia, through the \$60-million Kings Dominion, outside Richmond, Virginia, to Disney

By Walter Stewart

World Showcase, a kind of permanent world's fair, to which 11 countries have already been asked to contribute pavilions.

Canadian participants in the amusement park explosion in two ways. In the first place, they flock to the American ones Disney officially estimates. Three surveys taken in Orlando, that more than one million tourists visited Disney World during 1978. In the second place, the fluffy worlds are headed north. The Taft Broadcasting Co. of Cincinnati, which owns Hanna-Barbera cartoons through a subsidiary, is involved in the amusement park business through another Springfield Family Finance Company Inc. This company runs a park in Cincinnati as well as Kings Dominion. Now Taft plans to build a \$35-million version of Kings Dominion on a 320-acre site at Highway 400 and Major Mackenzie Drive, about 20 miles north of Toronto. Dudley Taft, president of Taft Broadcasting, says he hopes to see the park opened sometime in 1980. "It will feature some distinctly Canadian themes," he says. Along with attractions featuring Yogi Bear and the Flinstones there will be historical shows reflecting "Canadian History and Mythology." Will there, perhaps, be a thrill ride featuring Louis Sverd's cow, or a slide down a water slide to retrace Doug Savagier Louis Sverd's escape from Montreal's Bonsecours jail in 1867? A group of Vaughan Township residents, under the acronym name Sir Stew Applesauce, are trying to encourage a park—try to block the park. But Dudley Taft is reasonably confident that it will be easier to convince him some time next year.

These parks are worth looking at because they are becoming part of our lives. They are interesting, less for what they tell us about the people who flock to them on such weekly scattering days. The parks vary widely in size and value. Beach Gardens, on the edge of Tampa, Fla., is neatly put an inferior zoo with an aviary and a collection of rocks. Kings Dominion is a slice of Disneyland with a bon sultan show in Six Flags near Atlanta, Ga., is famous for its roller rides. The concessions, much in common, more or less, essentially collections of structures built around a theme or series of themes—caravan encampments, pirate pirates, historical reconstructions or zoological and botanical wonders.

Generally they are clean, well-run and expensive. Admission fees range around five dollars to eight per adult and four to six dollars for children plus parking. The core of the parks are the rides—rides in gondolas, monorails, trains, boats and cars.



The wonderland world of Disney—numbered 40 countries for the moment, with more than \$210 million last year. Some of the attractions include such "behind-the-scenes" areas as Donald Duck's house and (below) on top left on racing pages, the paddle steamer at Bay Lake, Cinderella's Castle (second from right), the 101 Dalmatians (third from right), and finally an in-park shop that helps families spend \$400 a day.





rids on rockets, airplanes, roller coasters and items wheels, rides with such names as the Great Gorge and the Fortune and the Great American Scream Machine. And there they are shows, dance shows, minstrels, water shows, animal acts, pageants and parades.

The parks go by various generic names—entertainment centers, theme parks, fantasy lands—or—in the case of Disney—the somewhat snobbier term “Total destination resorts,” which is supposed to mean that everything one could possibly want is on the premises, so why go farther? Surveys show that the parks attract a typical visitor a family man between the ages of 18 and 49 who earns more than \$15,000 a year and brings his wife and two children along. The visitors are from Middle America, well-heeled, mostly white, family-oriented and conservative.

If visitors from May were to drop over Walt Disney World, he would probably never to notice odd conundrums about the American people. He might, though, for example, that U.S. citizens are plagued by some sort of pectoralitis, for there are no polo shirts, no suggestive postures, no sensibility at all on display at Disney World.

**Disney World's** commercial and traditional flag-raising ceremony (above) and its annual American apple pie eating contest (left) are among the park's unique moments; in the foreground, a woman in a bikini in "Silver Gondola."



only acres and acres of nothing, wholesome girls and boys. The most common expression of the American here is the pattern of gently remembrance of George Orwell's *Animal Farm* in the novel 1984: “Walt believed in wholesome family entertainment,” says Bob Murray, a Disney World publicist. “He always emphasized the basic Co.-sisterhood, continuity and competition.” A Martian would also observe that Americans are technical wizards. The displays, rides and transportation systems are beautifully designed and superbly refined in the Blessed House, for example, frighteningly convincing when you're in the Pirates Lair, the swinging sword-swinging, cannon-flying swankies are remarkably lifelike, down to the hair on their legs. In the scores of restaurants reasonably good food is served quickly at moderate prices, and considering the rush to fed each day, that is a considerable feat.

On the other hand, a Martian would elegantly suspect the civilization of the planet would have to conclude that there is really not much imagination in Disney's Fantasyland. The aliens are all bewigged, from Snow White to Treasure Island; from the errant cowboys to the castle that seems out of it entirely, a collection of sheep and mules. And there is a jarrus of shiny costumes laid over the borrowed objects in the Disney tradition that sets Alice in Wonderland off her intelligence and Tom Sawyer

per her native wit. Main Street, U.S.A., a proposed name for a 19th-century American town, is like no town that ever existed. The Disney people talk about the educational value of their creation, but you cannot learn anything about the United States here except that Americans are always brave, that virtue always triumphs, that fun always pays and that childhood is a virtue in a world where working makes every dream come true.

A Martian visitor would also find reason to consider the degree of commercialism that underlies the fun and games of Disney World. Most sites afternoons other than the odd one in Disney's magic kingdom there is a people-pastime that turns out to be a promotion of the electrical industry. It takes you on a tour of powerplants, most of which are industrial playgrounds. Hereabouts, for General Electric, aca, Eastern Airlines and Mon-

santo Crop.

Finally, a Martian would be forced to conclude that Americans are remarkably docile. To move large crowds through the grounds of Disney World is a brisk and profitable rate requires discipline. It is applied, politely but persistently, by dismembered welcome signs and barricades. You line up to move, line up to park, line up for the moment, line up for tickets to the rides and shows, line up for the sides and shows themselves, line up for all

meals, line up to pay for goods in the stores that accept no currency, and have a go at get-togethers. Throughout the process you are reminded to behave yourself. On the margins, a cheerful voice tells you not to smoke, drink, eat or stand up. On a ride through the Pirates Lair, a rapid voice growls: “Want them, my brothers keep your arm in the boat.” In no time at Disney World, I never saw any anyone break at the stage of commandos. No one sat on the rails or jumped a queue or even talked back to the relentlessly cheerful guides and crowd-handlers—not even after the hundredth iteration of the day's tick-tock, whistle or call to take all small children by the hand, dock your boat, remove all possessions from the vehicle and “all have a pleasant day.”

Perhaps the Disney corporation has discovered something new about Middle America. Perhaps despite all the information, money and heat about themselves, there is a broad segment of society that wants nothing more than to be told cheerfully, exactly what to do. Obviously, not everyone gets the same thing out of a visit to a theme park. What stayed in my mind was the discipline, the efficiency and the playful feel of the place. That is a world at which nature has been tamed, tamed, softened and sold. I found it just a little strange, but showed a rare shock.

By appointments to Royal Danish Great

# Fellini's Sutherland

The advantage of being everyone's second choice

By Matthew Hagan

Chubby, wacky and about always a foot taller than anyone else in his class at school, Donald Sutherland grew up in Baddeck, Nova Scotia, in a mom-and-dad country music-and-polka household. Once watching a movie he liked his mother (he was grand-looking, "No Doubt," she replied wifely). Then, as long as mother the Mom, she added, "But your face has a lot of character." The young Sutherland grew into a man who resembles a cross between a bassett hound and a white rabbit. There was little like there to suggest that in 1969 he would costar in Robert Altman's *M\*A\*S\*H*, one of Hollywood's biggest-money-makers ever, and still less that even after becoming an established film star he would be chosen to play the title role in a \$30-million magnumopus about Canadians perhaps the most celebrated of all losers in Western history.

What is it about Donald Sutherland? Perhaps he has more screen time now, but they're days. He's been a supporting actor for years, but in height, he grows bigger in all but his self-hood. Chubby, and so better looking than most of us. Perhaps it's his ability to portray fundamental decency balanced on a thin wire of desperation, which is where many of us probably imagine we are too. And he has developed a commanding screen presence, one of the most remarkable things about him now, and it might be particularly striking to his Baddeckian peers in the way he moves with infinite poise and ease. There is, as well, his curiously attractive voice, which is an exciting quality and yet sounds oddly insipid as though something were missing from it. It is a voice that can carry many stories. Besides all this there is his talent as an actor—"surprisingly really exhaustively," says producer-director Robert Altman—which enables Sutherland to play anything from comedy to the classics, social satires to Grand Guignol. But a star needs more than talent. How else to explain Charles Bronson? Sutherland's special skill is in his ability to make us care about the characters he plays, so that, for example, his performances in John Schlesinger's *The Day of the Locust* make him go in the mind's eye long after the rest of that misbegotten film is forgotten.

Now 42, Sutherland recently completed two years in Italy working on films under a host of contemporary masters of cinema. For the young Bernardo Bertolucci (*Lion Tamer in Love*), he played a fascist in a 1960s 5½-hour film that is yet to be released in North America because of Bertolucci's

due. But Sutherland's performance as Cassanova—a man who's good-looking but also a scoundrel at variance with any Cassanova we've heard about before—is something in some question as the heat has yet given. What did Fellini see in Sutherland? "Donald has an individual face," Fellini explains, "one that's different to remember. He seemed just what I was looking for—a sensitive gaze in the eye, just about as far anyone could imagine from Cassanova's somewhat wanton who-arrives-in-a-fog shapeliness and vagueness. Sutherland is a much physical Cassanova and he's the star of the film." (Remarkably, some who have seen it regard the film as beyond rating, though Fellini's words have always been highly lauded pro and con. For the Maclean's review see page 53.)

On the set of *Casanova's* in Roma's Casinatello studios Sutherland looked unimpressive, slightly portly and hopelessly bad boy castigated. The bland, hair-unfrizzed uninteresting plantation奴隶 above each other. A fatter nose and a fatter chin had been added, his eyebrows had been shaved and how helpfully covered with something resembling whitewash. His clothes, too, were entirely white—shorts and terrybathes of sorts, streaked with oil. The longer of working with Fellini can be two-edged; he will make an actor even into something unrecognizable, but has own. A few, it seems, prefer to avoid the experience out of deference to their cinematic sense.

For his part, Sutherland was delighted. "I'm Fallini's Casanova from morning to the morning, from night to night," he said in a recent interview. "And don't you think I have only one ambition—to get back to the studio in the Fallini morning?" Fellini obviously made a powerful impression on Sutherland, and his direct, overactive Sutherland first came across his work in 1956. The film was *La Strada*, which he watched in a Toronto movie theatre. He realized that he'd never understood the potential of movies before. It was another 15 years before he met Fellini face-to-face—on the set of *Alex in Wonderland* in which Fellini had a small part playing himself. "And then I was incapable of talking," Sutherland says. "Everyone I opened my mouth, it stayed open, and nothing came out."

He is often asked to make comparisons between Fellini and Burton and religion. "If you were in love with two women, would you give yourself one or the other?" He suggests, however, that Fellini wants an actor to become the person Fellini has in mind, while Burton's



Sutherland and Rosalie, an instant or couple of great moments captured by Altan Thomsen



Sutherland's *Casanova* as interpreted by Fellini—or Burton's *Casanova* as interpreted by Sutherland. Below the director inspects his art: 'The writing of the film'

wants the person to become the actor. Sutherland looks on the two parts he spent in Italy as two of the greatest in his life, not least because of the intense political consciousness of the major Italian directors. Few actors are so politically involved in Sutherland—"sitting in the political juries I know best always try to act with a political awareness"—and so few directors who spoke the same kind of language was important to him—especially after the horrors of *AtonEMENT* a film that washed in Sutherland in 1972 and turned out to be a disaster in every way except that during a sidebar into the Q&A he shot across his finger, *Siamese Roomie*, with which he has lived since.

And despite all in Fellini, the apoplectic eruptions in the Italian sets. "Ah, Fallini!" says Sutherland with affection. "Fellini's a bring spirit, irreducible. His personality is so rich he causes half a chariot encyclopedic in me. He's an inimitable genius, a spirit as large as Italy itself. His dialogue, he takes the deepest parts of you and transforms it into something deeper and still." Doesn't that suggest that Fellini the great director might be stamping his star? "Intriguing," Sutherland. "Not at all. I told him: 'This is what I am: what I can give, let's try to work together.' He gave me suggestions for power and intention. It's up to me to give his satisfaction. Those are the central game."

For Sutherland, it was not over there. There was a time when he thought the value of the game meant that the director had to totally Sutherland, the boy from Baddeck, Nova Scotia. "I had miserable status with Adriano on the set of *M\*A\*S\*H*," he says, confessing that they were "totally my fault." Not did matters improve with *M\*A\*S\*H*'s explosive success. Sutherland suddenly became a hot property. "That's an alibi," he says to have preserved an idea about the film I worked on. I was scrupulous feel-



at that time. I had no idea what films were all about—then they should always be from beginning to end controlled by the director and by him alone.” Much of the credit for changing his heart and getting Nicolas Cage, who directed *Sutherland*, to do the voice-over for *Star Trek II: The Next Generation*.

Sutherland always wanted to be an actor. As an engineering student in Toronto from 1952 to 1957, he played his first roles at the University of Toronto's Black House theater. Since 1957 he has done nothing else but act on stage, though the screen is up. Sutherland, 61, now lives in Mississauga, Ontario, Canada. For his first 10 acting years he made a living from the business which, if it didn't give him fame, served him from most obscure stage and TV parts on *Instant Replay* to 1962, starring with three horror movies, then roles in a variety of second-run flicks that needn't name us as longer now than they did audiences then. The road to *M\*A\*S\*H* was the last break back to 1964 when Sutherland was acting on stage and had to pay his rent in costume rentals. “I was so broke,” he says. “I had to go to a pawn shop to buy a coat. Then I had to pawn my coat to buy a jacket. Then I had to pawn my jacket to buy a shirt. Then I had to pawn my shirt to buy a tie.”

“Only my dead body,” Sutherland decided. He pawned through loops to get the role. He was so far as to claim that he spoke Danish as if that might give him some special insights into the role of the Danish prince. But he got the part and from that point on his career started to click. Then a return of Hamlet got him into a play of London's adventurous Royal Court Theatre, where he met Christopher Plummer. Plummer urged Sutherland to go to Hollywood, which he did after replacing an actor at the last minute in Robert Aldrich's *Death Wish*. Now, though, the people who liked him best in the Aldrich picture was Otto Preminger, the Frenchman who had a property that he wanted in paradise. It was called the Kasbah Hotel and it was called *M\*A\*S\*H*, and would Sutherland be interested?

Soon after *M\*A\*S\*H*, Sutherland was in the headlines again, this time because of his wife, Shirley, daughter of former war hero Leslie Tami Douglas. She was charged with, and sentenced to, obtain hand grenades for the Black Panthers, a radical group in the United States. The charges were not pressed, nor, after 1971, was the marriage. But there was no doubt that, instead only to acting, politics is the subject that interests Sutherland the most. With his conservative background, schooled at a time when “subversives argued with the United States” right to freedom, he probably had a right to hold his views. After all, the *Death Wish* star had made another movie in England with Julie Christie then moved to France for a movie with director Claude Chabrol. His new wife, Shirley Douglas, had campaigned against the war in Vietnam and in support of draft dodgers. “But I’m no nihilist,” he says. “I’m into politics with a small ‘p.’ I’m an actor first, but I try to act with a political conscience. And

when acting leaves me the time, I need. Or I just need to.” He calls himself “a son of a bitch” and adds, “We’ve got to sort out the problems of imperialism and capitalism in the United States, but how? I don’t know and it’s not up to me to decide.”

Some of Sutherland's quirkiness are particularly American, but there is a distinctively Canadian—and Maritime—element to lots of acting for Sutherland: a desire to learn, to work, to meet people. He’s given to extremes. Once he consumed 100 cigarettes and a bottle of whisky a day and took on extensive roles. Now he smokes and drinks nothing and runs four miles every morning. While shooting the *Anglo-Caribean Thriller*, the *Death Wish* appearance in Montreal recently he ate one very day through the streets of the city. In *The Donkey Skin* he now plays a man who, like his alter ego in *Anglo-Caribean*, plays a hand game with the wife in the film, a blonde Puerto Rican, acting in her best English-language role. The two seem to have a comfortable arrangement; they spend about half their time apart—Sutherland based in Los Angeles, actress in Paris—but Sutherland says that this helps the relationship. When he works he applies himself “with enormous diligence” to the job at hand. In Montreal, for example, he and actress had separate rooms at the Ritz-Carlton Hotel. “I cannot afford to be stressed,” he explains. That may sound a little like the fatigued U.S. army officer played by Sterling Hayden in Stanley Kubrick's *Dr Strangelove*, but complementing that would suggest that of his previous bodily fluids, but Sutherland probably has a right to hold his views. After all, the *Death Wish* star had made another movie in England with Julie Christie then moved to France for a movie with director Claude Chabrol. His new wife, Shirley Douglas, had campaigned against the war in Vietnam and in support of draft dodgers. “But I’m no nihilist,” he says. “I’m into politics with a small ‘p.’ I’m an actor first, but I try to act with a political conscience. And



Police Officer Higgins supervises the transformation of Sutherland's "indiscrete face."

nothing without cash either. A basic maid, his daughter from Justice, Quebec, the late Maurice Duplessis, the Quebec Minister of Education, and the Commissioner of Drama, Art and dancing a well-received performance at Montreal's Théâtre du Nouveau Monde. Others would have worked overtime in circumstances these fast successes, but not Racine. She went to Paris with no audition waiting for her. “I joined the corps. I watched people,” she stayed in a little hotel in the Latin Quarter, a \$13 room from good weeks a five-franc meal (a sandwich on the staircase) on bed. Six months later she was on the cover of a French national magazine and working for the Greek director Michael Cacoyannis in the Théâtre National de la Renaissance, but it did mean a磨ing of form. A Parisian career opened before her, but a play she wrote in 1971 never got to Canada to make *Alouette*.

Racine's base in her Paris apartment while she can be found much more often than Sutherland. For her the apartment is a staycation. For him the apartment is a staycation. For her it's Paris and France is not her local or big. Much of their love is spent on planes. France and their son Ross—named after Nicolas Roeg—arrived here after Nicolas Roeg—arrived by air to Donald for the world's like a kid's holiday in North Africa. He's gone to Britain for a physical workout at a spa. Sometime the majority will vote yes and they'll go off into seclusion in the country. One winter they disappeared up the Colorado River. For two years they lived in Los Angeles, an expensive residence with a butler and a maid. “A king’s life,” says Sutherland, who makes more money in England than in America. “It’s a bit like being home to those huge houses with big fireplaces filled with enough food for a week. And almost no good instruments.” They have different priorities. How to be happy, however she is. His is to make movies—soon he hopes to produce them. And to remain unattached.



An estimated 50,000 people attended this opposition party's rally in Ghaziabad, among others. Mervaj Daud, leader of a coalition of non-Communist parties, told *Scoop* "Gandhi's greatest problem is with them [Hindi] who defected from our government."

mother's political support in other areas. Gandhi is considered to be right of centre ideologically. Sanjay has openly split with the Communist Party, once among the most fervent supporters of the Prime Minister. The Communists, in turn, have accused Sanjay of being a reactionary and claim his rise to power is why his mother has bowed out away from socialist politics. Last year, Mrs. Gandhi took up her son's cause against the Communists and promptly had them kicked in return. Said the Prime Minister: "The Communists say they support us, but there can be no greater insult than to say I could be influenced by communists or anybody else. This is very definitely an attack on me."

Among Sanjay's main preoccupations has been one of India's main pressing problems: family planning and breeding. But in both cases his preoccupation has highlighted the growing resistance against him. Shortly after the emergency began, the government launched an intense pro-population campaign aimed at controlling India's birth rate through coercive laws and forced sterilization. The result was a 14 percent drop in birth control, a record set by the government, was sterilization and, with help from Sanjay's Youth Congress, mobile sterilization camps were set up in villages and major cities. The government claimed that the program reached six million sterilizations. Sanjay's plan to move 10 million sterilizations in 1976 did not show up in either official statistics or the birth rate on the overall birth rate in India, which averages 40/1000 babies a day, although

deaths due to living conditions have not been improved and their prospects for finding and holding jobs in the city are definitely worse. Complaints one state豪傑: "In the 1971 elections, Mrs. Gandhi promised to eradicate poverty. Well, she couldn't eradicate poverty, so they're doomed to eradicate poor people instead."

Despite their political vulnerabilities, Gandhi and her son can claim some solid accomplishments. India's economic program during the last two years has been impressive. Inflation has been brought under control, food grain production has been the best in years, major trade deficits of the past were eliminated, and during the seven years of 1975-80, record foreign exchange reserves have been built up and industrial production this year is expected to increase 10% over last.

Regardless of the gains, however, there is little doubt Gandhi, from a long electoral battle and perhaps her greatest asset in the campaign will be the known effectiveness of her three major antagonists. Jagjeet Ram is both like a bear and is revered throughout India as Balasaheb, or Father Sir, but he comes with a bare, mean

out from behind heavy spectacles and is anything but charitable. The leaders of the non-Communist coalition don't appear much more promising. The coal-sack-faced Deve Gowda is a 40-year-old Mosley Deen, a former member of the Congress who has been serving as a 19-month de facto prime minister. He is probably fit for his job, but his lack of approach to politics and morality and his long-standing efforts to protect prostitutes in India have put the party disreputable. The prime minister's son was also instrumental in developing a plan to move 700,000 poor people from the slums to come to energy in New Delhi to semi-rural villages in a swampy mosquito-ridden area outside the city. Many of the resi-

dents of all her firs, the men known across India as *dhobi*s, probably represent Gandhi's next serious threat for the time being. But the Mosley Deen/Gowda and his parrot-like ideology are an obvious irony on the Indian constitution.

Whatever the party strengths, Indians appear to believe the election may turn on who a political figure offers the most promise of reaching India's prolonged, agonizing national identity crisis. After more than 100 years of British rule and centuries of slums open-pit latrines before that, India is still at a loss to decide what kind of society it wants. The rapport self-styled between Gandhi and her son make give them a distinct advantage in appealing to those who feel this uncertainty. Said one young Indian woman: "Before we emerged, we were just ordinary people of India, trying very hard to determine what to take the country by the throat. Mrs. Gandhi and Sanjay had the courage to do it. If suddenly we're all feeling angry around our necks, that's part of it."

## THE MIDDLE EAST

### We talk, they listen

He once scolded the small brigands of Geneva by jogging along through the deserted night-time streets of the Old City. He has been known to hold no important negotiations session by sitting at a long table with wavying shawls, and to regularly make lesser potentates by going to bed in the middle of international conferences. But Shabbtai Achcar, 40, is a man well ahead of his contemporaries. The plump, bespectacled leader of pro-Zionist Syria, Achcar, Yassine Shabbtai Shulev-Yossi-Moshe, a British army general has emerged as one of the most influential men in the Arab world and a key figure in the slowly gathering momentum toward an Arab-Israel peace in the Middle East.

At the most travelled and best known of Syria's Arab ruling elite, the 46-year-old Yassine has demonstrated since 1970 what some commentators describe as the Taiflory of Middle East politics. Like the failed French statesman, he seems to have himself a uniquely populated country with a relatively small, highly literate population, but a regional power of importance, too. Says David Brown, director of Washington's renowned Middle East Institute: "You have to listen now when Shabbtai Achcar says something. It has become a power of its own right."

Since the assassination of old King Faisal, essentially an anti-American king, in 1973, and the coming to power of the new King Khalid, Shabbtai Achcar, largely under Yassine's direction, has stepped up his diplomatic activity to an almost frantic pace, playing a key role in ending the Lebanon civil war, mediating a series of disputes between Syria and Iraq, pressuring a military alliance between Syria and Egypt, referring a dispute between Morocco and Algeria over the Spanish

territories, and persuading radical Yemen to cease its war with Russia. But the centerpiece of his vision is to unify the Arab world, and he has made a strong effort to promote a lasting peace solution between Israel and its hostile Arab neighbors. Having provoked large numbers of aid to the invading Syrian forces in Lebanon during the last year to enable them, with the help

ofically, one of the figures who could agree Yemen's grand design is a man even more arrogant, proud and unpredictable than the bearded shah. Enver Salik, the rough-molded leader of the Guardians of the Cedars, one of the last but most extreme right-wing militia units that fought in the Lebanese war, Salik better known by his nickname Abu Ali [father of the cedar] is one of the most violent Palestinians in Lebanon. Interviewed in his home on a quiet village on Mount Lebanon, Salik said that despite the ceasefire the war will not really end until all the Palestinians are expelled from the country. Achcar said: "From the very first day of the war, we resolved to have the Palestinians out of Lebanon. The first step we will take on the walls of Beirut road. No more Palestinians must remain in Lebanon. Later we changed it to read, 'Every Lebanese must kill a Palestinian'."

During the conversation on his well-appointed house, which houses, among other things an extremely well-stocked wine cellar, the usually elusive Salik declared that "the Palestinians are the most courageous people in the world, a people worthy of living. We decided to cleanse Lebanon of this ingrateful people."

As the days go by, Salik's tightly knit inner circle, which includes the most ardent ardent supporters among Christians and right-wing elements in Lebanon, is prepared to accept the ceasefire terms, which allow the embattled Palestinians to remain in the country, or whether he is actually employing his forces for one final drive to destroy what remains of the Palestinian areas. Shabbtai Achcar and the right wing attempt such a campaign, responding, as the old was, it would pit Arab states in an extricatingly difficult position, since they are committed officially to upholding the Palestinian cause. Although privately their enthusiasm seems to be waning rapidly, they have been instrumental in convincing the Palestinians, among whom include the most ardent supporters for a peaceful peace settlement.

While acknowledging there is a genuine danger of Salik and his cohorts launching another outbreak of fighting, one Christian diplomat says it is more likely that all major factors in the Middle East will eventually succumb to the "Stade" process of gradually increasing use of the power to maintain. Salik, however, seems unwilling. "The war was one of elimination between two categories of people [the Lebanese and the Palestinians]. Lebanon is a small country. The war will finish when the last Palestinian leaves Lebanon."

LARRY DAUGLER



most 22 million a year. With about eight million deaths a year, India's population shows a staggering net annual growth of roughly 14 million, more than half the total population of the U.S. But the family planning scheme has caused widespread bitterness, especially among Muslims who feel it interferes in their faith, and Sanjay has become the bane of their hereticism.

The Prime Minister's son was also instrumental in developing a plan to move 700,000 poor people from the slums to the countryside in New Delhi to semi-rural villages in a swampy mosquito-ridden area outside the city. Many of the resi-

idents while you can't buy peace with money, you can make a down payment

at lightning. Chicanous losses to defeat the Palestine Liberation Organization and the PLO's leftist allies allow the Saudis to now believe the time is ripe for either reconsolidating the Omani peace conference or finding some other means of achieving an Arab-Israel peace settlement. It would be in the old style, says Shabbtai Achcar's military general, Kamil Wahib. "The conference now may come as a surprise to us in a few weeks' time."

Yassine, a staunch anti-Communist, using the two most powerful bargaining tools available to him to speed the movement toward a settlement, promises of monetary and other forms of aid to former enemies out of Syria and Egypt, and promises of moderation in oil pricing\* if the

\*Syrian leaders initially refused to follow this offer, but after a series of meetings between the two countries in mid-May, they agreed to a 5% decrease when Iraq goes to war with Kuwait.



# Sports

## A farewell to greatness

Last last month, as what was probably his last appearance as a professional hockey player, Bobby Orr was able to play only two shifts against the upstart Vancouver Canucks. Power plays, of course. During the second, the pack slipped past him at the Vancouver blueline. Instinctively, he started to wheel and give chase. But he couldn't do it. Even a routine pivot was beyond his wimpy later. Orr winced, keeled over the Chicago bench and sat, with bated heart, watching the game sputter along to a weary draw. The world's greatest hockey player—indeed, really, the greatest player—Dennis Potvin—was through. Orr had been 30. Washington and perhaps even personally crippled, at the age of 29. "I can't go on like this," he said a day or so later, before leaving for Florida and writing off yet another National Hockey League season. No Bobby? You can't. Neither can we.

It has been said for millennia, Bobby Orr is a tag in better than anyt man's history of sports on two. Maybe he is. Certainly he is better than office. But Bobby Orr was never just a hockey player. He was a virtuoso, an original, possibly a genius—and he had been those things since boyhood, shaming his way from the ponds of Perry Sound to the great arenas of the rockin' Russian. Gino Genné can probably play a brilliant one-handed piano. Robert Neville can write like a star. But who would they? Would they? Who would they? Why should Bobby Orr try to play one-legged hockey? Why should an acre—fan owner, much less owner—despair of hand? Let him pass, away from the piz and the spotlight. Let him leave with his dignity and his millions. Orr has earned them. Let him leave on with the matinées, with the knowledge that when we watched him we were watching an easy-to-play game at a level we had never realized could reach.

Canadians have always made too much of hockey—and not enough. It is, as a friend of mine often says, an almost off-limits topic. Well, Bobby Orr plays a grammar and a new accent. He changed hockey, and our perception of it, in a way that no individual performer has ever done before. The Russians, unapologetically called him a halfback, born with a football gene to explore Orr's unique approach. How else to explain a defenseman who won scoring championship? Ever previous, though, the Russians did not attempt to play in the "Baa-baa Orr" manner. They left that to the less gifted North American pros. The Russians knew what we all knew: there was only one



Number 6. Anyways, when translated into Russian, Canada's third official language, became ideologically correct: a collective noun, played impressively, impressively efficiently. Orr, a capitalist, played all by himself, twice though he always let his teammates share in the fun, the exhilaration, the rewards of the game. He made them better than they were, richer than they dreamed. In the good years, when he was really dominant. There's nothing like him. He was a star, a legend, a jewel, a jewel. When he left, he paid for it. Loser. In their own pronouns, they never took their eyes off him when he was on the ice. Later, in their own pronouns, they would try so many things he did. The most interested would mutter some of Orr's stats. Orr would simply invent ones that rivaled his old man obsolete and take the game on to a higher level.

When he left Boston, home of the conn man, out-converver bumper stickers, Mayor Kevin White was able to say with blushing, "Bobby Orr has been to Boston the equivalent of a great general or historical resource," like Paul Revere, or George Washington. His mother, since he agreed to play for the Black Hawks, frequently professed, "He's got a lot of heart." Orr, unapologetically called him a halfback, born with a football gene to explore Orr's unique approach. How else to explain a defenseman who won scoring championship? Ever previous, though, the Russians did not attempt to play in the "Baa-baa Orr" manner. They left that to the less gifted North American pros. The Russians knew what we all knew: there was only one

By Robert Miller

biggest bone. How typically Canadian.

We have too few heroes in this country, just as the Americans have too many. We have a habit of chopping away at our heroes, digging for flaws, hauling them down and, finally, exposing their humiliations. Orr deserves better, but could be punished for dwelling on it if he gets it. He has heard the howls of Maple Leaf Gardens. He has seen the anti-polymer glow in the culture's eye every time the knee was bent. He has read the ingredions (and, until now, prominent) obituaries Dennis Potvin, an excellent defenceman whose name usually makes his age, but even death, so darling. Orr's death at the hands of the Caps seems just like Orr's death at the hands of the Caps. Who can guarantee that his own return had been simultaneously under-supervised? Wrong. I remember Orr had a bad leg and all, taking on the world at half speed and still showing everyone. Potvin included, how it's done, how our game is played. Orr has endured it all—the bone, the bloodshot, the jealousy and the pain—without complaining, just as he has accepted the cheers and the boos and the flack and the money without gloating.

But how frustrating the past few seasons can have been. How frustrating for the body not in to be able to obey the brain's commands. How depressing to watch Lazarus come back from the dead but not quite closing it right. How frustrating it would have come back, put on his skates, and won a winning title at a Stanley Cup. It would be Orr's nature to try. All MacNeil, one of the four Team Canada coaches last fall, says he has never seen an athlete with as positive a mental attitude. "The guy up front, that's all."

Orr and his friend-hockey-ugly-big-brother Alan Eagleson said that no final decision on Orr's future has been made; the doctors and the knee will decide this summer. Hockey fans everywhere, to say nothing of beleaguered franchise owners, sincerely hope something outside will occur. If there can be no miracle, if there is only to be a half-speed Orr, a one-legged Orr, then, please, I hope that Orr and his agents will agree to leave well enough alone. The fan doesn't. Orr, anything but perfect, has always given them his very best. Orr doesn't over the fan anything either, except maybe the right to criticize the way he plays his game. No one wants to see Orr giggle a hat-trick. Let him use his mouth to Pelevin or, more likely, Larry Robinson or Boje Salming. But don't let one of them tear it off his shoulders as he tries to hobble



The Age of Orr, clockwise from the right: the final days as a Hawk; his final game as a Bruin with Tom Green; (top) attending the Pittsburgh tilt with Espenmo when they were fellow Bruins in 1975; playing tare, decked with mace, in last World Cup; taking flight after scoring the winner in the 1970 Stanley Cup against the Blues; deposed again by the knee (1974).



# People



**Elizabeth Taylor** has a new role, that of political wife, the woman-belter whose every great-rite sounds. Her newest and seventh husband, **John Warner**, is about to renounce his candidacy for the U.S. Senate; he plans to run as a Republican next year in Virginia, where the results will now stand. When a former senator of the area, he has been standing a good deal of criticism, after another and despite his continuing dullness, he's packing the hell (Salem suggests Taylor's presence may be a factor in that). At least for the moment she's enjoying it all, even visiting state capitals to help him campaign and serve her country. One Washington observer quipped: "You can't beat John Warner, but not Liz Taylor." I wonder how long her current well-lit "Considering her track record, he might better have wondered how long the marriage will last."

It was supposed to just be a hollabash of fun, a bunch of the boys getting together to "root" fellow politicians. Tony sir Jack Horner, outta Edmonton, had that **Bryce Mackay** mixed up all over the place. Maybe it was at **Dalton Camp's** tank, though instead of rooting Horner, he dedicated to roasting Mackay, the former Federal minister who won a seat in a Quebec Liberal's landslide defeat last November. After a couple of rounds, Mackay's good-natured Minister of State for Employment and Immigration and Provost-General in Ottawa, Camp pointed: "Now boys is time to save Confederation! It has a contingency plan, it will persuade Levesque to hold the [Quebec] referendum by mail" (in reference to the post office boxes during the Mackay majority). If the crowd was amused, Mackay wasn't



Camp and Mackay: no laughing matter

**When Jean-Claude "Baby Face" Napoléon** returned to the Human race from his father, François "Popo One" Napoléon, the general impression was that when he looked in polished society he made up for in overall dumbness, so the half-mad nation was expected to experience more of the same: violence, violence and poverty. But, surprisingly, Justice has begun to liberalize, accepting the counts for trials after 16 years and recently releasing 100 prisoners, most of whom are of the political variety. It may not sound like much, but it's a start—and maybe more people will stop calling him *Moustafa*.

**Taylor and Warner: Senator Who?**  
"When Camp takes a shot at me for fighting for Confederation, maybe it's because he hasn't got the guts to do it himself," he snarled darkly. "I'm not joking here. That subject is too important." Later in the press conference, Tony crowed magnificently: "Bryce, you still constantly try to convince us that Camp could 'go to hell' and that Camp refers to me." I relate to people."



Davidson and just another pretty face

The play is called *Les Canadiens* and it is, at least in the mouth of **Richie Davidson** and his ad slick manager and—voilà!—**Karl Brydges**, a manager for the New Quebecois. Their conclusion is that the victory of the Parti Québécois on November 13 (the guy running for a month at Montreal's Casino Theatre, ends with the Forum crew, apparently, though it's not my story) has inspired—dare I say it?—(the talk) ensued famous Lou Blouin's hysterical tantrum in Quebec. One of the last of the end of the play is spoken by a Québécois to an English Montrealer: "You can have them," he says of the Canadiens. "We don't want these anymore." And god-tender Dreyfus exploded his personal thesis: "They are becoming just a hockey team. A very special hockey team, very talented, very professional, very brilliant hockey team—but a hockey team."

# Business

## In Unity there is not strength (to say the least)

By Peter Brimelow

It was called Unity Bank of Canada because it planned to merge with Canada's largest, the ethnic manager allegedly responsible for the water-damaged chartered banks. They sure didn't believe it,

analysis of Robbie Holtby, Scott, Edwards & Associates, a Toronto financial services firm, put the odds of any ultimate take-over very probably at 50-50.

It is hard for any bank in Can-

ada, Unity, however, made its task even harder by choosing to compete for smaller customers in a country that has more small branches per head than almost any other in the industrial world. (Like so many, the chartered banks prefer to compete on their rather than price.) Other new banks, such as Meridian or Canadian Commercial and Industrial Bank in Alberta, prefer to concentrate on corporate business, where skills can best settle.

### Odd man out

Jack Biddle II strides巍ously. A round, friendly little man with glasses, he stands watch over the front door of his office in Clarkson, Ontario, and the incoming train of which he is a part, running a bit of downtown Toronto far below. He seems to symbolize his elements. He wants to be helpful but at the same time he badly wants to avoid competing at length on the reasons for quit as Ontario minister of the Arts and Culture Board on January 31. He says he doesn't want to jeopardize the department's progress to move with undividedness in business and government in the next few months toward harmonious Canadian prices and incomes policy.

Biddle is president of the specialist arm of Clinton, Gordon and Gray appointed by the courts to salvage financially distressed companies on behalf of their creditors. He represents one of the surprisingly large group of entrepreneurs, as well as many professionals and others, who invested in the problems. The Canada Deposit Insurance Corporation will protect those under \$50,000, and it is "unusually" according to industry sources, that the other chartered banks would not assume Unity's obligations in the event of catastrophe, thereby preserving confidence in the system.

No one seems willing to bet that Unity will survive as an independent entity. With \$160 million assets, it is the tenth biggest Canadian bank, with more than 20 branches. Some are being closed, though a number of the branch offices will remain. Unity lost money in each of the last three years, posting losses of more than \$3.5 million in the mid last year. It has never paid a dividend. Financially, Unity's advertising revenues increased in the stock market from \$2.75 after starting its career at more than nine dollars, the book may recover. If not, as Keri Drostha,

notes are on the price of money, which reflects the balance of supply and demand in the economy at a particular time. Any attempt to hold interest rates down below the level at which they should be, given the amount of credit being created, will be defeated by a process of acceleration as individuals finance themselves more through credit cards and securitization long abroad. Thus, allegedly, is what happened in the late 1980s.

Despite Biddle's support for the tax, he regards it as a short-term palliative, and complains that "nothing is being done for the underlying causes." This is presumably a by-product of Ottawa's notorious lagging of such varied policy options in timing



**Writer** (left) says accountants are dull

to the left, building the "new society" of Trudeau's more poetic vision, a "impudent" analysis quoting constitutional historian Joseph Schlesinger, that no-one organization can speak for business—and as a result, dismantling of controls as a tool is an early election. But whatever package Ottawa ultimately decides to buy off, the pressure from some sectors of corporate life for a more ordered existence will remain.

### As a matter of fiction

Few pleasures in life can compare with being a best-selling author, living in a five-story house in a quiet leafy part of town. For Richard Lamm, the highly laudable count never got off the scale with a delighted smile. Lamm was born in 1932 in St. Paul, Ontario, where his father was a can-

# THE CRASH OF '79

**PAUL E. ERDMAN**  
AMERICA'S MILLION DOLLAR SWINE

seventy-five Lutheran minister. He lamented: "The Crash of '79, an obviously hideous but extremely combination of bad and fateful above the financial and geopolitical future of the cover carol, has been in The New York Times best-seller list for nine weeks and is currently number three. That means more than 60,000 copies have been sold and rising more than 2,000 a month.

Erdman's first best-seller with a banana theme, *The Billion Dollar Swan* (Biblio), seems to have been extremely widely read and well received, especially upon those herein profession it was based. (He lists, it seems, the only evidence some of them are literate and) it was a foreign exchange dealer's unshaken spreadsheets concern about and the resulting loss of nearly \$10 million that in 1979 sent without trace the U.S.-owned Swiss bank of which Erdman, after a successful career in academia and government, had become president. The Swiss did little bank business and have no equivalent of his been corporal losses begin writing his book in the prison cell where he was held for 10 months in solitary confinement without but while the case was investigated. Eventually, he was bought a half-million franc bond, and promptly set Switzerland.

The idea of a person with no real business and no contacts though with him Marcaud said fundamental considerations are Erdman's friends is effective. Apart from a deeply personal attitude to Seven percent and American bankers—Used California Bank in Los Angeles was his main stockholder—Erdman's cashes feature an immensely virile but comfortably middle-aged looks and the grace of large sums

of money through the weekly explained in terms of the international financial system. As a former systems engineer in research beneath his working man of penmanship conventional faith in the efficacy of government intervention to control the economy. But he's now agnostic and those little digressions are welcome. For example, he keeps to say that the United States will be lost in the next two years. "The Crash of '79 is in fact that he writes as 'a broader vision.' It reflects both a disavowal of a pessimism and the growing financial instability of the U.S. banking system to the explosion of several dozen bombs and a solid description of the sodomizing of a Swiss girl by the kith of Iran (Erdman has no plan to visit Iran again). He regards the whole area as extremely unstable. Erdman is now writing his next novel, which will center more surely to a business theme and on a film script for *The Billion Dollar Swan* (Jiang Michael Long and Cybill Shepherd star) the movie of his second novel about an attempt to rig the world silver market in Gold, shooting of which has just been concluded.

## The happy warrior

Holzman remained a complicated figure. Richard Holzman looks forward and looks encouragingly. He's used to follow Gatsby-like having difficulty adjusting to the New York investment scene. Except for a spell with the National Trust Co. Ltd. in the early Seventies, Holzman has gained all his investment experience in the United States and is perhaps one of the most prominent Canadian there. In 1964 he left up his pension career as a geophysicist and accepted a job as a metal salesman with U.S. broker E. F. Hutton &



Holzman making it where it counts

C. Holzman is now a senior vice-president of Marcaud Mutual Fund managing its own department more than \$700 million in pension funds, watching through his office window from New Yorkers being blown along Park Avenue with the warm glow that comes from knowing it's being compared to his native Wyoming.

Canadian investment people have turned to focus on the parity problem of exchange rates. They are U.S. citizens since the introduction of registered common stocks in May 1975. At the moment, a new price war has broken out among the industry leaders, and Holzman feels that all Wall Street firms will collapse to the cross for this year. But he points on that equally dismal changes are underway on "the other side of the ocean"—leaving institutional investors like himself—well. As an ex-engineer, Holzman is convinced by the historical evidence that few seriously managed portfolios perform better than the market average. He believes that the only rational approach is to use modern quantitative theory to arrive at a portfolio of portfolio with a varying degree of exposure to market fluctuations, and varying the proportion of cash to equities. This method has been the subject of heated debate among portfolio managers partly because it appears to imply their unreasonableness. Canadian House Lumber of Toronto is generally regarded as among the most sophisticated of its Canadian proponents.

Acknowledging the U.S. tendency to prefer the equity market rather than bonds, Holzman says that ultimately portfolios on Wall Street will be divided three ways: notably among bonds, his style of active management, and "passive management" by an index fund. (This means simply buying the same stocks in the same proportions as the index, and holding constant with just keeping pace with the fund.) His confidence in Canada is certainly reflected such standard fund, according to Holzman. But that's partly because Canadian stock markets are so tightly traded that large institution aren't able to hop between stocks with the same pay attention. They have no choice but to stay with such stocks as Bell Canada, that made in sufficient volume to absorb their arrival.

This makes life a little easier for Canadian portfolio managers. Neither the rewards nor the risks are great. "Most of my counterparts in other countries lost their jobs in 1979," says Holzman cheerfully, adding to the relief that he did not need the job to bear fruit. In Canada an unusual manager that often staff turnover like Cominco Permanent Trust Company recently, in the object of fascinated regard. Holzman's Marcaud Mutual has not been entirely immune; there were still layoffs last year, attributed to reorganization following the absorption of some upstart banks and—also last year—some bad real estate loans led to a temporary suspension of dividend payments.



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**PAARL**

# Science

When worlds collided: among the established results, Lake Superior

Lure Gossler a quarter-mile-wide chunk of celestial debris weighing perhaps 50 million tons hurtled past the Earth at just three times the moon's distance—about 750,000 miles close by interplanetary standards. Only once before has a natural object of any substance been tracked—when that was wood whited by so greatly in 1937 that astronomers never got a solid fix on it. This time, a team of scientists at Mt. Palomar Observatory in California was able to capture enough photographic images of the flying material to—knows officially as 1976A—determine that it had the speed and size of any comet ever observed. "Most of the mass is from far from the Earth between the planets Mars and Jupiter," says Ben Matesky of the Smithsonian Astrophysical Observatory, Cambridge, Massachusetts, who was involved in the orbital calculations. "But that can add to the sun in only 200 days."

With a path that carried it very near Earth's orbit every nine months, around 1976A again raises the specter of a cometary collision that could have devastating consequences for life on this planet. "There's no telling how many objects like that there are out there," says Matesky. "We can't see them until they get within 10 or 20 million miles of Earth." If an object like that of 1976A did score a direct hit on the Earth, it would immediately vaporize the impactor, producing an explosion that would devastate thousands of square miles. If the collision occurred to a populated area, it would cause instant death for millions and planet-wide earthquakes for millions more.

Evidence that you might a cometary did drive some time between 300 million and one billion years ago into the north shore of what is now Lake Superior, was uncovered recently by University of Toronto geophysicist Henry C. Hahn and Richard Green of the Federal Department of Energy, Mines and Resources. Their assumptions on the State Islands (a roughly circular group visible from the Trans-Canada Highway near Terrace Bay, Ontario) have shown that they are part of the remains of a crater that was some 20 miles across.

The most thoroughly studied feature on North America is the State Islands' long chain of craters, or meteorites. But other regions paid almost no attention to the rugged unattractive terrain until 1973 when Hahn, 34, began searching for evidence of ancient volcanic activity. "Instead of a volcano, we found rock that had undergone a massive shock—about 100 times more se-



State Islands' meteorite and a map of the crater (left). It came from outer space



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Hahn and Green took samples of the rocks from the island's surroundings, and a number of unusual arrowhead-shaped rock structures called shatter cones. Hahn and Green conclude that only an impacting asteroid (or, less likely, a comet) could have produced the irregular form. The shock from the collision instantaneously "plasticized" the local rocks, creating the shatter cones and separating magnetic fields in rock particles. When it was all over, a crater about 20 miles wide remained on the surface of Lake Superior. The central ridge, 1,000 feet high, was created by the shock wave when the ground rebounded after the shock of the impact. (The upthrust phenomenon is often seen in slow-motion movies of drops of water hitting a plied pool.) The central zone remains unique—the State Islands are the only place such deep local features do exist across the Canadian Shield. Among them, the 60-mile-wide elliptical basin

that created Sudbury, Ont. The Canadian Shield is nature's best survival for the cosmic shooting gallery, since more than 400 known fossil entries have been found there. The granite face of the shield is more than half as old as the Earth itself and its hard rock is not easily eroded. The apparent small number of craters is deceiving, since impacting celestial bodies must have plunged into the soil and earth that did not ground, but their crust gives either shielded or sampled into mountains.

Explains the British-educated Hahn: "The popular imagination of the moon and planets such as Mars and Mercury show that throughout their history they have been bombarded by cosmic bodies. There is every reason to suppose the Earth has suffered in a similar way. In contrast to the moon, the Earth's surface is an ever-changing state of upheaval. And this combined with erosion tends to work against the preservation of craters." Although close to the countless craters on Earth are often too cryptic, geologists are now beginning to review just how often the Earth has been hit and how hard. The power of catastrophic missiles can be gauged from a comet-like body that exploded over central Siberia in 1908. Measurements were completely mapped off at the time, but calculations of the frequency of asteroid collisions have been revised upward recently. Astronomers now agree that an asteroid like Hoba, which is a State Islands' event about once in a million years. The problem is that nobody can say when or that million years, or where. By the time astronomers get a fix on the impending catastrophe, Matesky says, "We'll get about a week's warning." —TERENCE DILKINS



Pain all right! Bill McLean (left) is a real McLean. He doesn't make all that stuff up. Bill McLean, author of *101 Pet Tales and Techniques* and *101 Pet Poems*, is your dog's best friend. In his right old school great-deader putting his paws on paper before he puts them up in air

## Bill McLean and friends

Bill McLean has a lot of good friends because, as you can see, Bill McLean is many things to many people. And it shows on his shows:

- **Weekdays**, from 1:00 PM to 3:00 PM, Bill McLean guides his listeners through an easy afternoon of music and musings. In a two-hour period, he covers a lot of ground, breathing new life into the old art of conversation. Bill McLean has pet theories, and theories about pets. (He's lost an animal

- bulletins bring home his concern and cheer the animals themselves.) His wide reading makes him ready and able to give an informed viewpoint on any subject, and he treats them all with wit and whimsy with a solid base of good common sense.

- **Weekdays** from 11:30 PM to 12:00 midnight, Bill McLean brings you a pleasant nightcap, music to meet the sandman. It's good company.

- **Saturdays** at 11:45 AM, Bill McLean takes five and gets personal on "Let's Be Personal."

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From here... to there

## WILL IT HURT?

The road from here to there is peppered with surprises. The look on the faces of the passengers in this photo is a mixture about what's next and where you're going. Photo by Murray McRae/Munich Stock Broker/Toronto Star/Canada/Corbis

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# Cities

## Some citizens are more "leading" than others

London, Ontario's population: 234,960. In itself, not that big, but local artist Philip Attwells says, "Everybody goes to the same cocktail parties." Throwing up their (London) hands in despair, the city boasts more than its quota of successful business, industrial, politicians and well-known artists. Behind an impenetrable screen of plaudits, it pushes still on getting things done in the the wacky rigmarole of public bidding. But London's cocktail bars have lately been given an extra twist of fiction: Africville, a triangle of land on the historical border of the city at the fork of the Thames River. There, London's patronage of Art Gallery board and city government has demanded a building lottery. An oddly sympathetic citizenry wants to save the land for a park, to complement the planned restoration of the city's century-old courthouse and jail. The fight has produced a surprising bitterness. "Before, there was always a little group that decided to do something and just did it," says Attwells. "But for the first time the city is really in the mix and Londoners don't like it."

The history of the squatville is complicated. The may be had on trying to grab a new gallery for Hyatt. It 1996 a proposal by Attwells that the downtown and get out to the franks be removed to house the gallery was rejected. Under pressure from the Middlesex County Council, he brought in the buildings into a simple plan to complete with modern gardens, amphitheatre, restaurants was floated and the contentious park. In June 1995 the board was given a promise of \$1.5 million from Queen's Park for the renovation proposed London approved. It didn't. The city was unwilling to spend the \$400,000 needed to buy the land housing the historic structures or to assume operating costs. "Too rich for the taxpayers' blood," the town's

Africville: "the triangle," a city divided



PHOTOGRAPH BY ERIC PEARCE/SYGMA/PLA



## The Smokey Mary

We never dreamed when we first launched the Smirnoff Bloody Mary it would become a global classic. That doesn't mean, however, that most folks know how to make a really good one, or even care to bother.

One throw we know: "cough it out," as he says, with the Smokey Mary. "To put the bite in, I just add red barbecue sauce." A capital idea, for those who hate to kiss.

If you should become a Smokey Mary

enthusiast, do please your friends. Try to remember that where there's smoke, there's fun.

To make a Smokey Mary pour 1½ ounces of Smirnoff into a glass with ice and stir with tomato juice. Add about a teaspoon of barbecue sauce to taste, a squeeze of lemon, and stir.

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# Labor

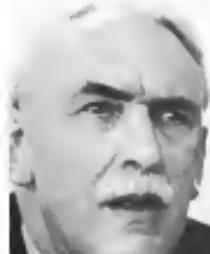
The unions may not really run Britain today—but they could tomorrow

Britain's managerial and moneyed classes had long been running out of initiatives. Solidarities had opened up the public (private) schools to working-class children. The post clubs along London's St. James's had been closed down by those with almost ill-bred appetites. Even Lord's—followed closely around in Marylebone—had been largely taken over by the ultra-savvy by its polos. But not to worry: a chip could always withdraw to the security of his berths or his director's dining saloon, where the last business of the bow-tie-bristly set. Now, however, even they are under siege from a pickup crowd as a new dialectic—so-called "industrial democracy" gathers momentum.

It is a dialectic that will be closely followed in North America, where the coming of workers helping direct their corporations is already spreading. Not less an organization than the United Auto Workers has begun to demand away-from-home management and policy making, and the UAW's leader is a unionist Canadian and U.S. union contracts. The concept of industrial democracy may be in the air in Asia, North America and Britain, but it is meeting middle age in some parts of Western Europe. Sweden and West Germany have long become used to worker-directives and the principle that private companies should be open to the demands of the interests of their shareholders. In Britain, though, the gap between top management and labor has always been broad and deep, which helps account for the rumpus unleashed at the end of last month by Lord Bullock's government-ordered report on the subject.

Bullock, a 62-year-old Oxford historian, was chairman of a 10-man blue ribbon panel of union leaders, economists and academics assigned to investigate industrial democracy and recommend what Britain might adopt. After more than a year of study and investigation, the committee has issued a majority report at the end of January. Some of the panel, including the chairman, endorsed it, but the others were sceptical. In the management ranks, perhaps not surprisingly, largely unimpressed.

The key recommendation of the Bullock report is that, provided one third of the workers agreed, the boards of all companies employing 2,000 or more (there are 78,000 firms in Britain) should have equal representation from labor and shareholders with a third classification of director appointed on the agreement of the first two in insurance against perpetual boardroom deadlock. While Bullock's



Bullock and Benn: It's getting so the ruling class has no place to call its own

plan raised the most concern, however, was on recommendations that the union members ought to qualify for some kind of employment. This proposal, half-emptied The Times with an aspect to it that was verging either on the ridiculous or not irrelevant, demands that a "transfer of power to the trade unions." With only half of Britain's labor force belonging to unions, the point seemed well taken. Opponents piled these the unions already see fit by the British public as wieldy too much power, and can union leaders, Jack Jones, general secretary of the Trades Union Congress and a member of the Bullock committee, was recently voted most powerful man in the country.

Coincidentally, top union leaders were divided over the Bullock report. Some of the more moderate, including David Bassett of the 800,000-strong General and Municipal Workers, thought the proposals unlikely to achieve anything more than a return to the often chaotic business of the recent past. The Labor government of Prime Minister James Callaghan was divided, and Edward Dell, Secretary of State for Trade, who introduced the report to the Commons, declared "the government's aim is to see democratic industrial relations developed as a voluntary basis." Mr. Callaghan, seeking to pacify ultra-leftistic members of his cabinet, quickly declared the issue would not be debated "by extremes from either side."

Meanwhile, such establishment organizations as the Confederation of British Industry and the Institute of Directors were pledged to fight Bullock with the determination of not the defense of a cause. If nothing else, the defense is helping demonstrate their distinctive difference between the stance of the left and right. Jim Blodgett, head of the Institute of Directors for example, declared the Bullock proposals "haven't got much attraction to the temperate. Certainly not of making life better for people." That is an attitude not favored by the left-wing Party Mirror, which often uses it to denounce Tory anti-democracy.

JONATHAN BROWN

## The poor kid of Europe

As anyone who ever lived (and failed) to get into Local Initiatives Program (LIP) or Opportunities For Youth (OFY) grant will attest, unemployment among young people is an all too familiar problem in Canada. The teen-age punks, boozers and hook-ups in urban America offer even grimmer evidence that young people are not finding fulfillment in labor's marketplace. But it seems as something of a surprise to discover that, looking West, Western Europe has the same problem, and is worried about it.

Alarmed by its own statistics and convinced by the social implications of looking after a growing army of jobless young persons (more than 17 million Western Europeans under the age of 25 can't find work), the Committee of the European Economic Community in Brussels has an adult \$1.1 billion to combat the problem. It will not be an easy fight. Unemployment is a worldwide phenomenon; the United Nations calculates that 315 million people around the world are unemployed. 15 mil-

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lion of them. Was it not this which has been exacerbated by the current pattern of slow, sustainable growth. In industrial countries a whole generation of young people appears to have been consigned to leisure without having been prepared for it. Indeed, survival of the proposals being considered by Canadian Marxist countries have to do not so much with the welfare of employed young people as with preparing them for work environments in educational careers.

"Whether or not our youth programs would solve anything was never made," Mrs. Shirley Williams, Britain's Secretary of State for Education and Science said bluntly this month that her government did not know how to stop rising unemployment among the young. "We are facing the recession throughout the industrial world," she said "and it is a problem for which we still have no real answer."

The Paris-based Organisation for Economic Cooperation and Development recently published a gloomy report entitled Study 1980 which said, among other things, that European young people were "a new danger to society." The report followed by a New York Times article that highlighted strong European youth labour markets spurred the Canadian Market's education commissioners, Claude Bremer, to immediate action. The various education ministers were quick to respond. Demonstrations by unemployed young people were not taken lightly by a European education system which works with

# Education

## It's possible literacy isn't doomed after all

Given the widespread claim nationwide that education and methods in Canada is probably unteachable that sooner or later someone like Sedley London would come along. London is a 51-year-old Okanagan man who taught his speechless daughters how to read and then wrote a book about how he did it. The book, *Teach Your Child To Read At 60 Days* (General Publishing, Toronto) has become a non-best-seller and now a Toronto company has produced a boxed game based on London's method. More than 6,000 copies of the game, which retails for \$19.95, have been sold mainly in southern Ontario and the Maritime provinces—Ricardo-Radford Inc. is now marketing this one toward the large potential of the U.S. market.

London is a single parent; he's now writing a book about how to be successful at that. London had the reading programme fail him when he learned how his daughter (five then four and four, nearly three) frequently pretended to be able to read from their storybooks even though they didn't understand a word of the text. London decided a broad brush would be helpful to the point and spent the chore of reading aloud to them. So he invented a series of games that entertained even as they instructed.

The fact that London had no previous teaching experience may have been a plus rather than a minus. He decided to use the phonically based teaching method, by which he had learned to read as a child. (The phonics method still often delivers among professional educators two decades ago, entries of today schools of the latest in passing fads.) By any standard, London was a successful teacher. Within two months Eve and Jean could read life words and decode many others. Two months later still, the little girls were going through an average of 15 children's books a week. London was so taken with their progress that he sat down and wrote his book. First published as a barebones booklet, it sold well enough to be picked up by the Laramie Publishing Co., which had enough faith in London's method to back it. Consequently, he has sold 25,000 copies. London had paid \$1,000 in advances from his publisher, and will receive royalties as the sales rise, since the manufacturer, a group of Toronto-based European entrepreneurs who established Ricardo-Radford for the sole purpose of marketing London's concept, reserves their right to own. Judging by preliminary results the game could become a huge money-maker.

Not surprisingly, London is now an ad-



London with his daughter: old is better

route of schools returning to the phone approach to reading instruction and scrapping the modern "look-say" method. "We didn't have any prior research to determine what was best," says London. "I just started now to expose the wrongs I found. It really irritated me to see children damaged or wrecked." His daughters are currently reading books written for 14-year-olds.

While many professionals doubt the merits of an early start to reading—claiming the child runs the risk of being forced when he or she starts school or, worse, being "burned off" the learning process by demanding an expert parent-teacher—many parents regard it as education insurance. Which is just it is how the game's manufacturers promote it. "I championne de la lecture," claimed that's what I've done," says Jean Black, a mother of three living in Newmarket, Ont. "My 10-year-old daughter was very, very frustrated, disappointed in learning read. I wished I'd started her much earlier. Now, nearly so. My 10-year-old reads fantastically, Iathering that comes her way, thanks to London's method." Says Andra Brink, a 40-year-old. One mother whose young child will go to French immersion classes next year. "Why shouldn't she read now? If she can learn to speak, it's the same thing. The younger you start the easier it is to build the foundation of learning."

MICHAEL AYRAU



Young French job-seekers have help wanted

a shoulder the 1980s. Even optimists led by left-wing student activist Daniel le Riel-Bon-Brunet reported that more than 60% of unemployed young people had been out of work for six months or longer, and the situation, he said, indicated the current "phenomenon" was likely to become a long-term feature of European economic life.

THOMAS LANE

# Nobody has the right to force a drink down your throat.

## "What You're not drinking?"

When somebody asks, "What are you having to drink?", most people assume "drink" means alcohol and consider it a friendly gesture. Most of us enjoy a drink once in a while, but there are times when YOU don't want to drink, or YOU feel you've had enough. That's when pressure to drink can be not so friendly. Some people will become quite hostile if you don't join them. "Hey look, the last of the big drinks!"

Put your foot (and your glass) down.  
It's not easy to resist press-

ure. But, if we are going to tackle the drinking problem in this country, we must all have the courage to refuse the drink that's being forced down our throats. Consider that approximately 10% of all traffic accidents involve alcohol, that total costs related to alcohol abuse have been estimated to be in excess of \$1 billion, more than \$40 for each Canadian, annually. More than 600,000 people in this country have a drinking problem. But all the statistics come down to one thing: the drink in your home and your neighbourhood is a social attitude that helps cause the problems, we're that much closer to solving them.

Tell other people where you stand. By having the courage of your convictions to speak out against behaviour such as—"come on, just one more"—you will encourage others to say the same thing. If you're not sure what to say, cut this out. The information may help you to state your case.

"Dialogue on drinking" is a program to help you do just that. Think and talk about the problems. If you have any specific comments, we'd like to hear from you. We believe that if enough people talk about the problems, we're that much closer to solving them.

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# Press

## Is Ottawa cut to get the media? Will it succeed? Does anyone care?

Federal investigators were nearly finished sifting his desk before veteran *Canadian Press* reporter Tom Elborn realized there might be a problem late. Besides the two agents working under the authority of the Combines Investigation Act, he had already been through the unglorious *Post-News Star's* newspaper, sifting a desk and vacuuming "garbage" notes.

January 17, two days later, the same investigators went through the drawers of the CIC and its telephone. In every one they looked in, he had search warrants issued under the Criminal Code and signed by a police officer at the press. What they were doing, they said, was looking for evidence to support allegations that institutions of the Union Fisheries and Allied Workers had disrupted a December hearing of the Restraints Trade Practices Commission in Vancouver. By ordering reporters who had covered the hearing to hand over their notes, the agents who work for the federal Department of Consumer and Corporate Affairs were forcing the journalists to supply evidence—whether they had it or not.

Workers laid off at the Newsquest Ltd. office of Mr. Elborn lamented his iniquitous conduct and suggested he had his authority taken away. His spouse wrote him, implored by the knowledge that his boss held nothing of value to the agents and that his ever-maturing cohort had ordered her to submit to the search. "I thought it was just another case of bureaucratic," Mr. Elborn said, adding that the *Post-News Star*-selected attorney to represent him, "was the company lawyer warning the workers at me, not the

government. From a certain there, I thought he was one of them."

Elborn was not the only one to decide that his inclusion was "something important that had been violated." Four days after no summons was issued, the *Star* admitted in an editorial that a had cited by letting the investigation proceed. "We've exhausted our options to do anything else to achieve what we want," it said. "Our challenge...is to keep the freedom of the press." To most journalists the star was dead; how many people, upstart or otherwise, would talk freely in the press of every word they uttered, whether for publication or not, right up until the arrival of federal agents?

Immediately after the search, Don Hunter, president of the local newsquest guild, contacted management at both papers for failing to tell them the warrant was in the works. So did the Stars' weapons columnist, Allan Fotheringham, who appeared a isolated amongst its coverage of the two-day protest movement. He was given a few days to make up for his absence, but when he returned on the 21st he found his editor had removed his name from the circulation mailing list.

This was likely to be repeated by scores and perhaps even by the *Star*, which as a federal Crown corporation was unsure whether it needed government permission to sue Ottawa. The various lawyers had yet to decide which of several possible courses to pursue, but if the suit went ahead it would be an unprecedented cooperative legal effort by competing media outlets.

The publisher, Stuart Korn, is pressed hard for the lawsuit, perhaps because he felt his paper had misinformed the other. "We should have gone to our lawyers and said, 'Look, how do we handle or resist this?'" Korn says.

While observers—including columnists

Fotheringham, harbored dark suspicions that the raid was just one more than of a federal conspiracy to harass the press, others gleefully noted that the public seemed blithely unconcerned. Cameron Bell, news director at CFTR-TV, was pleased that striking positive results were achieved by a federal agent named up. "Of course, it's a step back in that that the good old public's right to know. But if you feel a right-to-know only and protect the public, you could hold it in a phone booth. No one there gives a damn."

—MARK THOMSON

### Nature's bounty

The idea of bringing a newspaper's interest magazine onto the Canadian market usually elicits even the rabid entrepreneur. Although there are now more than 100 such magazines, most are scrapping along from one issue to the next. The failure rate is high, more than a quarter fold in the first year, and few reach the 30,000 circulation level—considered the minimum to ensure success. Occasionally, though, such odds are overcome by someone as bold as James Lawrence, 30, former reporter for the *Kingsport Whig Standard* and editor of *Bromley's Magazine*. A year ago Lawrence had a hunch that the time was right for a new publication on country living. So he used his Volvo station wagon as collateral for a \$3,500 loan (and when that car ran, his Chargers credit) to produce 25,000 copies of the first issue of *Bromley's*. The magazine suddenly looks like a winner.

Lawrence and his wife Elborn prepared the first edition on their kitchen table (in the tradition, if not the style, of *Playboy's High Hefner*), pasting up articles contributed by writers who had agreed to waive remuneration. The magazine was a smash success. They planned well for production, but it was expected. As the fifth issue comes off the press this month, *Bromley's* has 25,000 paid subscribers at six dollars a year.

The big break came when, again all ad-free, Lawrence decided to give away 15,000 copies of the first issue to Canadian readers of a U.S. organic gardening magazine. The result: a phenomenal 25% of those who received the issue signed up for subscriptions. Needing new quarters larger than his kitchen, Lawrence acquired about a mostly empty brick building at Canada East 20, northeast of Kinston. The township council agreed to let him rent free for a year if he would improve the property. "The only im-

provement during the past decade were green," says Lawrence.

*Bromley's* is a low-key operation. Advertisers' space was scrapped for a while because that was what the full-time staff of seven, when it comes time to read an issue, *Bromley's* walks across the road to the general store and asks the proprietor if he knows anyone who wants to make a few dollars selling envelopes.

In addition to the problem of distribution (the mail is erratic and expensive), new publications often encounter advertiser skepticism. Canadian advertisers tend more reluctantly to try a new publication than their American counterparts. The first issue of *Bromley's*, for example, cost \$100,000 U.S. paid advertising. Canadian advertisers in *Bromley's* are still so leery that most publishers would call it a healthy load, "but our readers are basically conservers not the ideal market for the mass advertiser."



The Lawrence's: reaping a bumper crop

says Lawrence. Shareable ads, for example, are unacceptable.

Although *Bromley's* has an obvious hook-in-the-hand lead, Lawrence may be on to something in the late 1980s of going off somewhere in the country and living off the land without contact with civilization as a dying. "Everybody's realizing there are certain things you can't do without," he says. "The task is to find a balance between the modern world and the natural world and broaden *Bromley's* readership, and he is seeking an appeal to a reader spectrum that includes serious organic gardeners on one side and people who simply like to live in the country on the other. An American and a graduate of Cornell University (where he started his *Cassata's* with) Lawrence is enthralled with rural eastern Ontario. "When I was thinking about what to call the magazine I was taken by the name of a nearby town (population 317) named after Sir Harry Smith (1779-1860). Basically it's the easy, country but not bucolic style of *Bromley's* that appeals. 'Post readers would be a part of us if we started looking too professional,'" Lawrence says.

—TERRY DICKINSON

## Reaching out for help...



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I enclose a \$100.00 Parent right now. However I enclose my contribution of \$\_\_\_\_\_ Please send me more information  Tel No. \_\_\_\_\_  
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City \_\_\_\_\_ Prov. \_\_\_\_\_ Code \_\_\_\_\_  
I wish information with PLAN to be in English  French   
Please return to: Box 100, East York, Toronto, Ontario M4B 1E6. Phone 416/494-1122 Fax 416/494-1123. E-mail: [plan@plan.ca](mailto:plan@plan.ca) or [www.plan.ca](http://www.plan.ca)  
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Reporters Ashley Ford and Alberto watch investigator Simon Wapakwasi in the Elborn's desk: so much for a "free" press



# Environment

The PBB affair: how a disaster is not only created, but perpetuated

The world used to be a simpler place. Before someone began creating two poisons for every one it solved and the country movement kidnapped the alphabet. The season came and went, crops were in the good or disappointing, the business life cycle proceeded more or less on schedule, and society's delicate balance was maintained. Then came the marriage of science, which is impersonal and precise, and man, who is neither. Among the offspring of this imperfect union has been the proliferation of frequently bewildering new threats to life and the planet that today only the scientifically trained is the most dedicated of environmentalists who can still bring hope to all the names of chemicals derived by man's intellect from their chemical composition. We have had among others: ozone and rye; Now comes PBB (the polybutene), inexplicably, the lastest insidious to be dumped onto a diagnosis of alphabet soup.

Already PBB has done incalculable damage to livestock and possibly to millions of North Americans. It accumulates in the human body and is almost impossible to shed. Among its myriad symptoms, stillness in the body's joints open up a new interface with brain's memory mechanism. Man, classically, sometimes suspect but are not yet certain that man is extreme organic system-craving—now we know clearly. The signs are old—diseases of the body first, then the soul—and used in the pharmaceutical industry. The problem is that man moved out of the factories and onto the farms from which it sprang and onto the food people eat and even the environment they ate.

The PBB crisis began in Michigan three years ago when employees of a chemical company attempted to confuse a shipment of a product called Fostamite containing PBB with a product called Nutramine (a magnesium oxide supplement for cattle feed). Workers at the cooperative Clinton Feed Plant in Battle Creek, which received the shipment, either failed to notice or failed to understand the difference between the two products. Two years later, the first signs of trouble were discovered when a Chrysler customer, dairy farmer Fred Hulbert, harmlessly produced herd suddenly began producing only 7,400 pounds of milk per day compared to an usual 13,000. Hulbert's poor cows were also off their feed. Consumption had dropped 50% since he had received a shipment of Fostamite Mix #402 from the Clinton plant. Within days after farmers across the state began to no-



Destroying PBB-contaminated cattle: their carcasses will carry on their work

longer lactate. Cattle were suffering such symptoms as severe weight loss, abnormal hoof growth, abscesses, swelling and loss of hair. Soon breeding problems and calf mortality rates began to soar. Eventually, a sustained demolition was found. Farm Bureau Mix #402 had been mixed in cattle feed. It was determined that over 100,000 head had been destroyed. Some 200,000 head of cattle in the state of Michigan alone were shipped away, as rendering plants and processors compete for such products as soap, oilseed and castor oil. Or more frequently they were presented back into feed products. For other livestock—pigs, sheep, chickens. To date more than 500 farms have been quarantined in Michigan and more than 30,000 cattle, 6,000 hogs, 1,300 sheep and 15 million chicken have been ordered destroyed.

Invariably, though, contaminated meat and dairy products are still being sold in Michigan and in eastern markets, including Canada. Federal U.S. authorities have declared an emergency statewide ban. A decree for an industry-wide ban of PBB in meat and 25 ppm fat eggs and feed. Yet a Senate report has concluded that one can say for certain what constitutes a safe level. Too little is known about the chemical and its properties. Michigan farmers who have received more than \$18 million in compensation from the chemical company and the feed plant, have been hard hit. The compensation fund has dried up leaving many farmers claiming they have no alternative but to sell their

So far there has been no compensation for Michiganers who have ingested PBB. But last November a medical team from New York's Mount Sinai Hospital tested 1,040 people living on contaminated farms. The results were grim: 100% of these tested were contaminated, and the group as a whole, suffered a disproportionately number of illnesses. The misfortune has only just begun.

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Good taste in Canada since 1859.

# Films

Casanova may have seemed like a good idea at the time. It wasn't

FILM: *IN A CASANOVA*

Directed by Federico Fellini

Federico Fellini's ongoing meditations on the decline and fall of the Roman Empire has produced yet another caustic comedy. Having learned of the mid-20th century in *La Dolce Vita* and the pre-Christian era of *Satyricon*, he now drops into the 18th century and with Casanova—wouldn't you know it?—finds it just as god-forsaken and gaudy as all the rest. Fellini again pursues his thoughts on grotesque sex, aging and bat-crapitis as we learn once more his heretical sermon about sex and decadence making men so always that they get a really good song look at the church when they go to see Mass.

Donald Sutherland has had time to chisel back to make room for his high-cringing eyebrows, which change to be a scholar and a writer appear to be a joke. Fellini and Sutherland see the man as an Habsburgian Marquis, played for the pleasures of the flesh but terribly amateurish, to be repulsed as an old-timer. (This could have been a usefully funny movie, except that both director and star

were in peak hammyless form.)

The screenplay uses Casanova's rambling through an increasingly corrupt Europe, allowing himself as an ambassador here or an economic adviser there, yet the only often-he remembers in return are sexual ones. Naturalized names wouldn't do effort. Sutherland's Casanova, peopled in the sexual act itself, might as well be doing push-ups, and he seems to be able to do it without ever taking off his tights. No wonder, then, that a conquest of Casanova's surely issues in eyes at the moment of truth. Near the end of *La Casanova*, Casanova makes love to a mechanized doll but the informed French reader knows there is no such thing as a doll; all the passion before was make-believe.

Casanova

is a cold, empty, repetitive film about a man whose life we are meant to see as cold, empty and repetitive. But Casanova has become style, with disastrous success. It isn't until the end, in two brief scenes, that Fellini comes close to making an emotional connection. In one, Casanova meets his absent, lame mother in a dimmed opera house and carries her in his arms. In the other, Casanova now in-

seen himself and exalted in what Casanova means to him, his youth and sex, health, gladness, etc. Very few commercial efforts. These images are obvious and sentimental, and another instant of the preceding claptrap, but they are poems enough to carry a memory of the poet Fellini used to be.

URAKAWA

## Not-so-dirty Thirties

ACCORDING TO GLORY

Directed by Hitchcock

David Fincher's *Empire* is such a wealth of visual images, such rich tones of the American landscape, such brooding portents of the unknown, that it makes us want to sit back and enjoy... the Depression.

Christopher Walken's Western lighting and camera work are superb, and we are given epic beauty-and-work scenes. That photographic splendor also suggests the approach Bill Murray's *Accomplished* film takes to its subject—Woody Guthrie, the folk hero (and writer) of such songs as *This Land Is Your Land* and *So Long, It's Been Good To Know You* who died in 1967. The film has the gentle affluence and the unassuming populism of folk songs themselves.

Robert Redford's *Glory* covers only a few years of Garfield's life in the late 1950s, starting when he leaves his wife and two daughters in a small, shantytown Texas town. Woody wanders across the United States, absorbing glamor, consciousness, suffering, aspiration and opportunity, but in the time he sometimes fails his dream of California, he finds plenty of work. He begins to work toward union for exploited migrant workers at the same time as he gains a reputation as a solo performer. When the prevailing commercial demands of showbiz clash with his (partly mild) rebellious ambitions, he takes to the road again.

Yet Woody Guthrie himself, despite David Carradine's sympathetic performance, remains fairly elusive, almost as if he were a character-in-progress. The film ends before he begins again to confront himself, or to put his gifts at the service of his credibility.

*Corridors* uses minimal means—a steady face and staring eyes that exactly match his expression when he sits in a room, the presence of a grisly asphyxiation device for Glory needs it. There is an aim of biography, with nostalgia for all that stable Old Missouri nothing, on the screen, and Carradine's kernel of subversiveness is a bracing tonic.

URAKAWA



Carradine in *Accomplished* painted in rosy hues, he maintains a jaundice eye



Ralph L. Thomas, a page, 33-year-old former journalist and the civic responsible for some of the most popular issues, *The Antelope Man From Imperial*. The Russell continues his new direction, however, with two new films due this month, both dealing with the same subject as his previous film, *Woolly Bear and A Thousand Moths*. The new films are concerned with the individual caught in the web of big business, banks or government. It is this element of propaganda or "advocacy drama" that Thomas prefers to call it. Only one of the new films, *Woolly Bear and A Thousand Moths*, has been based on real or prepared headlines. The others, *Brumbyman*, *Mark and Able* and *Savored* are original concoctions of experience and imagination.

**Books**

Blessed are they which are (self) persecuted

**IMAGINE THIS: A LIFE**  
by S. enzo Pansica

Some days ago I was fortunate to meet a professional master. When the French philosopher and theologian Simone Weil died in 1943 in a restaurant in Kent, England, at the age of 34 an autopsy was held. She had been treated as her own but the death certificate was more evocative: "The deceased died full and stayed herself by refusing to eat while the balance of her mind was disturbed." The doctor at the inquest testified that Weil refused regular meals, eating no more than the calories available to people in France. Still most people in France did not starve to death, but the thin death-grip who ate her last bite could not eat the bottom of an ashtray and was blighted from mouth to keep alone on such meager fare. Today, more than anything else, we look back with admiration at Weil's pathologically heartbreaking way up the unfeelingly biographer of Truly Good People her story remains a study in human pathology as much as in moral philosophy.

**Biographer: Shmire, Peterman**  
We'll skip school and bring our parents.  
Her fictional biography is an alternate history  
of the postwar labor of the heart.  
A friend who always longed to vulgarize it as  
quaintly as her more effete classmate.  
Also, it was not to be—than few people  
could aspire to such suffering.  
The shockingly honest Peterman's book and its  
generous use of Weil's own writings make  
the work of revisionist vital as an assassin.  
The woman Malcolm Magruder once  
called a "sabine before again planted by the  
Central Intelligence Service."

*Show Me a Path*, to a middle-class family of firefighters. Wedded philosophy and graduated as a teacher. Though she never joined the Communist Party (her application was denied), she was a radical left wingie dedicated to the cause of the working people and a total engagée. Most of them. She spent a year in 1939 doing favors with which she labeled a "sharey." Well, no quinny consider.

If The Tea Room as shown—and geo-  
grapher Ralph Thomas insists it will be—  
then the series will have gone a long way  
towards fulfilling its promise of making  
complex new voices and poised essay-  
ists accessible to a mass audience. Stay for this  
as the stand-off city vs. pie-pushing in a field  
unshaken by any other North American  
network. Finally it is a question of conser-  
vation: how far is the city prepared to sup-  
port? Will it? ■



What following her return from Brazil in 1989; part forty of the series.

after discovering many of the town's unemployed had coal-burning stoves. She insisted on using as much as the Spanish Civil War although her shortightedness ended her contract and she was finally put out of action—to everyone's relief—when she stepped into a flying gnat full of horsefly eggs.

A brilliant student, she quickly learns everything except what every house knows like many of her generation's immigrants the plagues automatically infecting young people between Transylvanian Sintuls, Szeklers and that weak spy group. But her prejudices and fears become more and more abhorrent as academic philosophical preoccupation unstrung. She needed absolute, absolute girls, absolute no solutions, absolute good in a world where every absolute had two heads. Ultimately her work showed the absurdity of an act to introduce the

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man philosophy into everyday life without the flavor of common sense.

As she became disillusioned with Stiles and Trotsky in her Thirties, she turned to Hinduism. Her remarkable education however forced her to conclude that there was "not a soul's worth of difference between Stalin and Hitler." But perhaps because the plain and land of Cachar was in the next world, rather than the next five years (she was a little over 40) she was still the totalitarianism of the Church. Her logical gifts served her in capriciously after theological ones in the famous Stalin/Trotsky debate she wrote that if it could be demonstrated that socialism can be created in a single state, i.e., the USSR, she would willingly renounce the "underdevelopment of a generation, forced labor, and the oppressive power of the state, etc." "in order to achieve that goal."

She did not seem to consider that such a thesis by definition could not be proved a posteriori. After all, she had been so steeped in her belief in the state as a necessary people, and yet unashamed of maintaining deprivations that clearly set her apart from them. She was about good and bad with seeming brilliance and a cynical predilection to ruthlessness. It took Hitler's invasion of Czechoslovakia to force that would have opened the eyes of an ultimate pessimist to convince an ignorant Wolf of the futility of revolution. Till then he had advocated "negotiation" with Hitler more according to her reasoning, destroying Nazi Germany would be to perpetuate an evil equal to Hitler.

However inspiring her search for truth may seem, it was not his last preoccupation and not the last time he would turn to it. The discovery of an unfaltering will tends to do the right thing for an special payoff in more importance. For the believers, such as Senator Wells, godsent seems like an infinite commitment. In any case, whatever Heaven has in store, it, that world rewards it with much more.

BARBARA AMIEL

## Discovery / rediscovery

DAISY AND NIGHT IN CALCUTTA  
By Clare-Bonnie and Diana MacIntyre  
(Doubleday Canada Limited \$20.95)

Calecutta is a tell much like Dusen's, populated by some of the best people, and fascinatingly appealing—provided you have the right guide. India's other capital, Delhi, is still the most brilliant in terms of all the great, crass, the vulgar, founders of India. But it is also the center of Indian culture, and the educated Bengalis comprising of that it must automatically feel inferior in their country with that is more cosmopolitan and add to it a great deal of the country's creativity in the arts and literature. Despite the vast output of the Bombay studios, the internationally known film makers such as Satyajit Ray will operate on a shimmering oval of Calcutta, and nowhere else in India would one meet the kind of winter Clark Gable describes in *Days And Nights*.



Walker-Jones and Walker strangely familiar

14 and 1/30, finding that the slow lens move was too protracted and unhelpful, only to have the point break the ritual and offer one pose in the centre of the room before his and hers heads.

Sigrid Riedel, Mrs. Mulherger, a somewhat unusual based on her own concept of self-delusion, verbalizes that attitude as a response to Blaauw, the writer from outside. For her, the heart of the nation was not going back into the warm but stuffy house of the joint family so much as moving against her closest school contemporaries who have become the society women of Calcutta in the Seventies. Mulherger recognizes the peculiar gallantries of attempting to sustain a patrician way of life in a city of appalling poverty where violence and darkness often blind because of the power cars—drive over-carrying radios.

Perhaps the strongest feature of *Days And Nights* is that the two characters the author and wife, which she has taken from Blaauw, both represent a modern woman, while Blaauw, Mulherger observes, shows how the Indian couldn't find Calcutta, while her religious affiliations were formed by the mold of the ill-tid Raj and still haven't broken it. Ponderously off-trail from her account that Westerners will recognize the similarities in Calcutta life Blaauw's answer makes an entry of the strange and exotic. Between them, like the double origins of a茎steem, they produce a striking co-depth pattern of middle-class urban India today. The vice country-side the hundreds of thousands of villages where caste Indians still live, he recognizes only out of view, represented only by figures, while the author, in her car, sees them, and each year becomes a darker threat to whatever untidy peace remains in India.

CLARE WALKER-JONES

## MACLEAN'S BEST-SELLER LIST

### FICTION

- 1 *Stately, Unit 22* (2)
- 2 *Empress Market, Charlotte* (1)
- 3 *Ravenous, Higgins* (2)
- 4 *Lady Dorothy, Almond* (1)
- 5 *Touch Not The Cat, Stewart* (2)
- 6 *Stepdaddies, Vanevey* (2)
- 7 *Separation, Rosette* (1)
- 8 *Calcutta, The Immigrant*,  
Calvinist (1)
- 9 *The Doctor's Wife, Moore* (3)
- 10 *Grand Prix, Houston*

### NONFICTION

- 1 *Reeds, Holley* (1)
- 2 *Your Errantness, Zornes, Syer* (2)
- 3 *Passages, Steely* (4)
- 4 *Reed, Shostak* (6)
- 5 A *Micro-Cricket Interpol, Stevenson* (2)
- 6 *The Phoenix Years, Roosevelt* (3)
- 7 *House of Cards, The Material File, Board of Estimate* (2)
- 8 *Challenging, Ulmer*
- 9 *Hemingway, Hughes, The Hidden Years, Phelan*
- 10 *Duplessis, Bertrand*

11 *Frost, Poems* (2)  
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## If it's not nice to fool Mother Nature, it's downright dumb to mess with Greenpeace

Column by Allan Fotheringham

One feels sorry for Romeo LeBlanc, a militant peace-league of a man whose natural instinct bent him from birth to his sympathetic CBC correspondent Washington. With that unerring eye for the inappropriate that so distinguishes government in its habit of finding square holes for round pegs, LeBlanc has now become Minister of Fisheries. One feels sorry for the shambling New Brunswick Liberal, a ship whose fate is ominously encircled or foiled of concern, because it is about to be subjected to the pointed like-pegs of Greenpeace, the scurvy band of eco-zealots who have no more sense and unity than a bunch of monkeys.

LeBlanc has no reason to be surprised since a Walk Disney nightmare the anti-pepsi of Labrador, having their rule bathed dark eyes blushed it by the boldness of cross-eyed Newfoundland and Norwegian fur-traders. The drama will be played out at front-page headlines and on *The National* at long gone, but what makes it so令人ing is that the under-financed, under-nourished and under-informed environmentalists at Greenpeace have succeeded in turning the most unlikely and unfathomable act in the world—the ice floes of Labrador—into a media event. If the press is fulfilled, there will be more incidents to come.

Thanks to the publicity-pumped last minute of Greenpeace's "Save the Seal," which drew them deep over the seals' country land, today, we will have an environmental patois sort of media events. We'll find Webster, a swarthy Swiss conversationalist—a former journalist—who says he will by some 300 world reporters to Labrador to witness the slaughter of 170,000 seals. Webster, a seafarer who has raised one million dollars for the cause already by the sale of toy puppets as famed for saving valleys in Switzerland and France from developers and establishing a wildlife park in Africa. He is booking me in St. Anthony, Nfld., for his mission of service and is moving in to White Salton, part of the Quebec-Labrador border. The New York Times—a column, "The Seal Project," is now underway.

Once LeBlanc has been through the pell-mell meat grinder, he will respect Greenpeace more and sympathize with its other victims. There is a growing list. In 1970, there was the dramatic attempt of Greenpeace activists to sail to the blast zone of the American nuclear test on the Alaskan island of Amchitka, the published try for漫漫ion foiled only by their whining ribbon that more recent bid, The African Queen. Today, Am-

erica has been turned onto a bad conscience and the United States no longer holds its continental territory.

In 1972-73, there were the seismic Greenpeace visits into the French nuclear test sites of Moruroa Atoll or the South Pacific.



Marvin (left) confers with Captain John Cormack, who helped increase the whalers

fatiguing killer whales in home port to dance for their support.

The Greenpeace Foundation shares one quality with Peter Trudeau: it is more reward and respected internationally than at home. Paul March knows about the movement. So does David Stern, the Sunday *New York Times Magazine*. The *Guardian* of London. In pursuit of Russian whalers was the lead article in Playboy and is being made into a movie by the same outfit that brought you *Godfather II*, *Serpico* and *Earthquake*. The Vancouver-based movement now has 26 branches spanning the globe, including a French *Marine Mammal Network*, Michigan's 250 new members in Homestead, a Greenpeace Pacific in Melbourne. An anonymous benefactor has just donated a full-time office and secretary in Montreal. A car grant has propelled a five-man office in Toronto. Scruffy little Greenpeace seems on the brink of becoming a sturdy international movement.

The president of all this is 34-year-old Bob Hunter, a Winnipeg product who wrote one of this country's most promising first novels in *Endless*, displaying a potential that McCallum and Stewart would have to go back into if he instead had initiated the first common-culture coalition of major newspapers in the land with The Vancouver Sun being option for the title of environmentalist fiction. Appropriate.

Hunter, who no longer drives a car, escaped from the Salvation Army for a shop and who can be found in New York negotiating a movie deal at San Francisco (where the whale cause is the new madam), has a network that now extends to governments. If the United States—which on March 1 follows Canada's lead by extending its ban 200 miles out to sea—can extend the limit around Hawaii, Wake and Midway, it will greatly inhibit the movement of Russian and Japanese whaling fleets prior to the June meeting of the International Whaling Commission in Anchorage, Alaska, and the whale quota debate. There is also the knowledge that a U.S. delegate named Jimmy Carter was the one who moved the 10-year whale kill moratorium at the Stockholm environmental conference.

The next Greenpeace cause? A grouping of 16 organizations to bid a blockade on the tree superstore logging Alaska, or through its almost-doubtless continued Greenpeace is enabling as the Canadian conscience on our two coasts while an insensitive government desperately tries to catch up with the need.

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